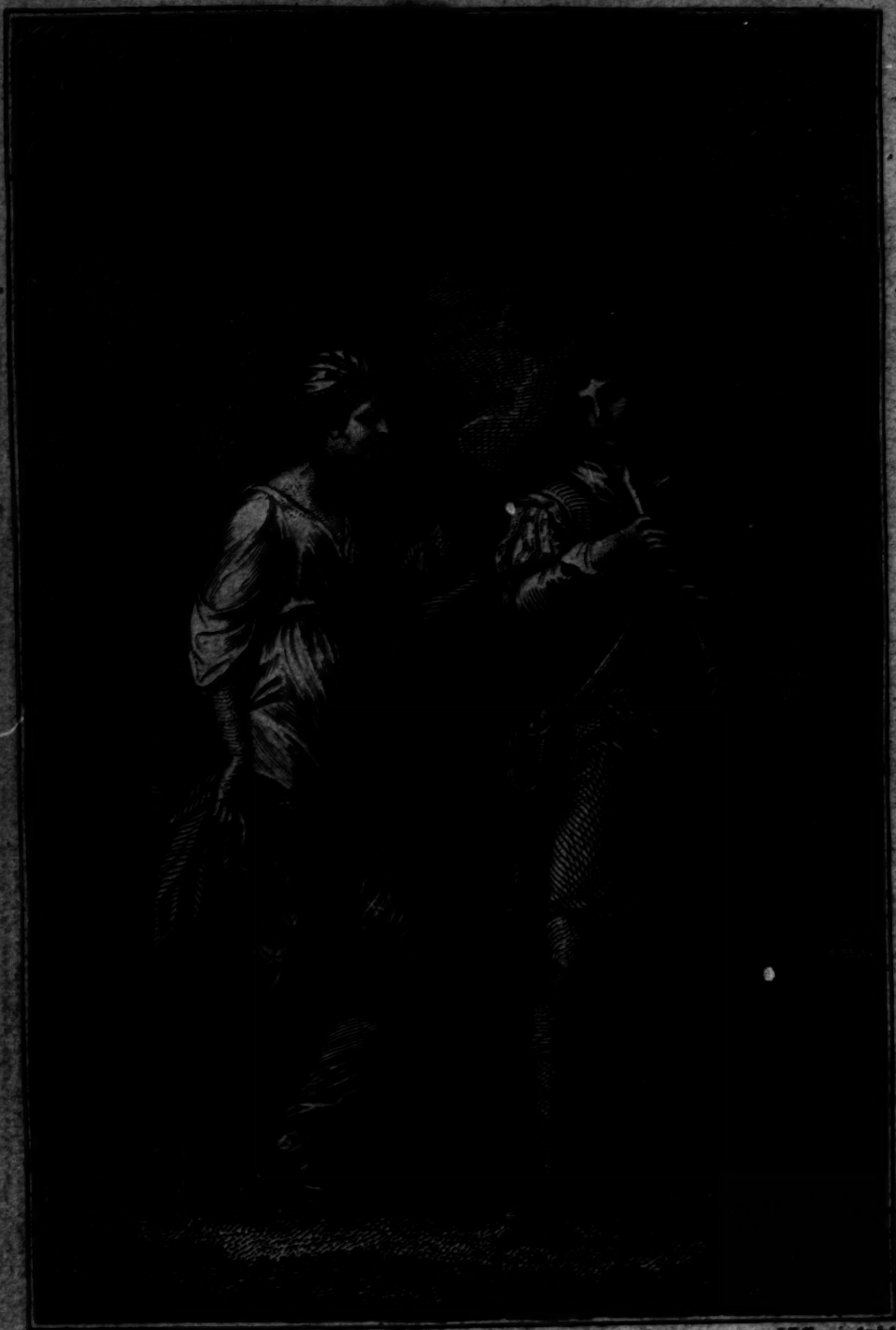


THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

HENRY and EMMA.



J. B. H. H. H. H. H.

J. B. H. H. H. H. H.

*A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves;
And with his jolly pipe delights the Groves.*

T H E
P O E T I C A L W O R K S

O F

M A T T H E W P R I O R :

NOW FIRST COLLECTED,

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

A N D

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR,

I N T W O V O L U M E S .

V O L U M E T H E F I R S T .

L O N D O N :

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T. EVANS IN THE STRAND.

MDCCLXXIX.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

AND OF THE TERRITORIES

744

7 - 25

537



T O
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,
"HIMSELF A MUSE"

THE UNAFFECTED WIT, EASE, AND SIMPLICITY
OF WHOSE WRITINGS

THE VOICE OF AN ADMIRING PUBLIC HAS
DECLARED TO HAVE REILLUMINED THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

THIS COMPLETE EDITION

OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF

P R I O R,

ONE OF THAT BRIGHT CONSTELLATION OF GENIUS

WHICH SHONE FORTH LIKE

M R. S H E R I D A N,

A PERPETUAL ORNAMENT OF THEIR COUNTRY,

IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE

WHO IS AMBITIOUSLY PROUD

T O

ACKNOWLEDGE HIS FRIENDSHIP.

T. E V A N S.

T. O.
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

"HIMSELF A MUSE"

THE UNPUBLISHED MSS. AND FRAGMENTS

OF HIS WRITINGS

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M. R. S. H. E. R. I. D. A. N.

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T. O.

ACKNOWLEDGE HIS FRIENDSHIP

T. E. V. A. N. S.



L I F E

O F

M A T. P R I O R.

MATTHEW PRIOR, one of the most eminent poets of the present century, is supposed, with great probability, to have been born at Winbourn Minster, in the county of

Dorset, on the 21st day of July 1664. * His parents were dissenters, and in mean circumstances. They afforded him, however, as good an education as the place would allow, which was at the free school founded by Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby. How long he continued here before his removal to London, we are not informed, but it may be presumed that he did not remain any considerable time, as it is said on the death of his father he was sent for by an uncle, then settled in town as a vintner, who undertook to give his nephew such an education as his parents were unable to bestow upon him. He was accordingly placed under the care of Dr. Busby, at Westminster school, where he distinguished himself very soon above his fellows of the same class. Before he had gone through the school, his progress in literature was interrupted by his uncle, who intending him for his successor, took him from

* All the biographers of Mr. Prior say he was born in London, but for the reasons assigned by Mr. Hutchins in his History and Antiquities of Dorset, vol. II, p. 73, we have fixed the place of his birth to Winbourn Minster, which seems to be intitled to claim the honour of having given birth to this excellent poet.

thence,

thence, and employed him for some time in the conduct and management of his business. This mean and low situation was insufficient to extinguish that love of letters which he had acquired at school : he still continued to devote some of his time to classical learning, and fortunately the bent of his studies and the force of his genius were known to some who used to frequent his uncle's house. An accident, we are told, occasioned his being released from his ignoble employment. The Earl of Dorset, with other gentlemen, being at the tavern where he lived, a dispute arose about the meaning of a particular passage in Horace, which not being settled to the satisfaction of those present, one of them said, *he was mistaken if there was not a young fellow in the house who was able to set them all right*, and at the same time proposed sending for Mr. Prior. On this recommendation, all the company desired he might be called in ; when the difficulty being proposed to him, he explained it with so much modesty, that the Earl of Dorset immediately resolved to take him under his protection, and soon after he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was entered a pensioner on the 2d of April, 1683. He there took his
degree

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degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1686; and on the 5th of April 1688, was admitted to a fellowship.

During his residence at Cambridge he became acquainted with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Hallifax, and in conjunction with him in the preceding year, 1687, exhibited the first public specimen of his abilities, by turning into ridicule Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, which they parodied with great humour in a piece intitled, *The Hind and Panther transversed to the story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*. In 1689 he came to London, and immediately applied to his friend Fleetwood Shepherd, * Esq; who introduced him to the Earl of Dorset, and by their joint interest procured him the next year to be appointed secretary on the part of the English in the Congress at the Hague. He executed this office with so much ability, and so much to the satisfaction of his royal master, that soon afterwards he had the post of Gentleman of his Majesty's Bedchamber conferred upon him. He was in 1697 again employed in the office of secretary to the English negotiations on settling the Treaty of Ryswick; and in the same year

* See vol. 2. p. 106.

nominated Principal Secretary of State in Ireland. The next year he went secretary to the embassy in France, and continued in that kingdom until August 1699*, when on his return to England he visited Loo in Holland, in order to pay his duty to King William, then residing there; and from thence, after a long audience of his Majesty, departed by the way of Hague, and on his arrival in England took possession of his seat as Under Secretary of State in the office of the Earl of Jersey. He had not been many days in this employment before he was ordered back to Paris, to assist the ambassador in negotiating the Partition Treaty. In 1700 the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him by the university of Cambridge, in obedience to a mandamus from the king. The Earl of Jersey accepting the place of Lord Chamberlain this year, Mr. Prior

* It was during his residence this time in France, that one of the officers of the king's household, shewing him the royal apartments and curiosities of Versailles, and among them the paintings of Le Brun, in which the victories of Lewis XIV. are described, asked him, whether King William's actions were to be seen also in his palace? "No," answered the English secretary, "the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen every where but in his own house."

lost

THE LIFE OF

lost his post of Under Secretary of State; but for this he soon received an ample recompence, being on Mr. Locke's resignation appointed one of the Lords of Trade, and elected a representative for East Grinstead in Suffex, in the new parliament of that year, where he voted for impeaching the several lords charged with advising the Partition Treaty. From this time he continued to exercise his poetical talents as the great successes in the war afforded him occasions. Yet he afterwards concurred with those who strove for a peace, and connected himself very closely with the Tory ministry, who seem to have had that object in view from their first introduction into power. How much his abilities were relied upon at this important juncture, may be judged from his being fixed upon to begin the negotiations between the two courts. For this purpose, he was appointed plenipotentiary to the court of France, having been just before promoted to the Board of Customs. He was much employed in the business of the peace, as may be seen in the report of the Secret Committee. After returning to England he was again sent to France, in August 1712, to accommodate such matters as then remained unsettled in the

Con-

Congress at Utrecht. From this time he had the appointment and authority of an ambassador, and so continued until the death of Queen Anne. He remained at Paris some months after the accession of George the First, and was succeeded by the Earl of Stair, who by orders from home took possession of all his papers. A difficulty in obtaining his arrears obliged him to continue at Paris some time without any public character. On his arrival in England on the 25th of March 1715, he was immediately taken into custody by order of the House of Commons, committed to the hands of a messenger, and soon after examined by a committee of the privy council. On the 10th of June, Robert Walpole, Esq; moved the house for an impeachment against him; and on the 17th Mr. Prior was ordered into close custody, and no person admitted to see him without leave of the Speaker. In 1717 an Act of Grace passed, but he was one of the persons excepted out of it; however, at the close of the year he was discharged from his confinement. From this period his public life may be said to end; and considering that he had had the prudence to retain his fellowship at
Cam-

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Cambridge thro' all the scenes of his prosperity,* it seems surprising that he had not out of all his great appointments saved a sufficient fortune to furnish the means of a comfortable retreat. This, from Swift's letters, appears not to have been the case. His friends, therefore, advised him to collect his poems already published, together with ALMA † and SOLOMON, and print them by sub-

* It is said, he was often told, that the retaining this fellowship was inconsistent with the dignity of his situation and character; but he replied, that "every thing he had besides was precarious, and when all failed, that would be bread and cheese; on which account he did not mean to part with it." To make the society some amends for this humour, he left them books to the value of 200 l. and his picture by La Belle, which had been a present to him from Lewis XIV.

† Mr. Pope said "that the Alma of Prior was the only work that (abating it's excessive scepticism) he could wish to have been the author of. Yet, so unable, said he, are authors to make a true estimate of what they write, (either from their fondness for the subject, or the pains it costs them in composition) that Prior asking him, soon after the publication of his works by subscription, how he liked his SOLOMON; he replied, "your ALMA is a masterpiece." The other with great impatience and resentment, replied, "what do you tell me

Subscription, and they undertook to conduct the publication in such a manner, that the dignity of a minister in disgrace should not be injured by it. The work, accordingly, appeared in folio, 1718, and procured him a handsome sum of money. The latter part of his life was spent in an agreeable retirement at Down-hall, a small villa in the county of Essex, which had been purchased for him by his generous friend Lord Harley. Some time before his death he formed a design of writing the history of his own time, but had made very little progress in it, when a lingering fever carried him off the 18th of September, 1721, in the 58th year of his age. He died at Wimple, a seat of the Earl of Oxford, not far from Cambridge; and his corps was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected, with an inscription on it written by Dr. Robert

"me of my ALMA, a loose and hasty scribble to relieve
 "the tedious hours of imprisonment, while in the mes-
 "senger's hand." This judgment of his friend occasion-
 "ed those two satiric lines in the small poem of THE IM-
 "PERTINENT." (The Conversation, see vol. II. p. 171.)

"Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme,
 "Was much too grave to be sublime."

Ruffhead's Life of Pope, 8vo. ed. p. 482.

Friend,

xi THE LIFE, &c.

Friend, master of Westminster school. For this monument, which he properly styles *the last piece of human vanity*, he set apart the sum of 500 l. by his will. After his death two volumes in octavo were published; the first containing poems by himself and his friends, some of which must be considered as doubtful; and the second, The History of his own Time, compiled from his original manuscripts, which in the state it was published, cannot be deemed one of his productions. Many Poems are said to remain still in MSS. in the possession of the Dutchess Dowager of Portland.

M R. P R I O R ' S
D E D I C A T I O N
T O T H E
F I R S T E D I T I O N
O F H I S
P O E M S.

THE NEW

MR. P. R. S.

EDUCATION

TO THE

FIRST EDITION

OF HIS

P. O. R. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
L I O N E L,
E A R L O F
DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.*

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordship, that I prefix your name to this epistle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is published almost against my inclination. But, in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you, are

* Afterwards created Duke of Dorset.

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very great ; the good education with which these parts have been improved ; and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early ; make us expect from your Lordship all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris,*—Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning ; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit ; a faithful and able counsellor to your prince ; a true patriot to your country ; an ornament and honor to the titles you possess ; and in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset. *

It

* Born 24 January, 1637, died 29 January, 1705-6. Mr. Walpole observes that “ he was the finest gentleman
“ in the voluptuous court of Charles the second, and in
“ the gloomy one of King William : he had as much wit
“ as his first master, or his cotemporaries, Buckingham and
“ Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke’s
“ want of principles, or the Earl’s want of thought. The
“ latter said with astonishment, ‘ That he did not know
“ how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and
“ yet was never to blame.’—It was not that he was free
“ from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness
“ of it too, which made every body excuse whom every
“ body loved, for even the asperity of his verses seems
“ to have been forgiven to ‘ The best good man, with
“ the worst natur’d Muse.’—This line is not more
“ familiar

D E D I C A T I O N.

It is as impossible to mention that name, without desiring to commend the person; as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory. And my own obligations to him were such; that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful: and was his picture well drawn,

“familiar than Lord Dorset's own poems, to all who have
 “a taste for the genteelest beauties of natural and easy
 “verse, or than his Lordship's own bon mots; of which
 “I cannot help repeating one of singular humour. Lord
 “Craven was a proverb for officious whispers to men in
 “power. On Lord Dorset's promotion, King Charles
 “having seen Lord Craven pay his usual tribute to him,
 “asked the former what the latter had been saying: the
 “Earl replied gravely, ‘Sir, my Lord Craven did me the
 “honour to whisper, but I did not think it good manners
 “to listen.’ When he was dying, Congreve, who had
 “been to visit him, being asked how he had left him, re-
 “plied, ‘faith, he slabbars more wit than other people do
 “in their best health.” Catalogue of Royal and Noble
 Authors, vol. 2, p. 96.

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it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described; that gained upon you in his favour, before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all; but distinguished and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in most writers is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies, delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was
accom-

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accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, though he quoted them very seldom,

Contemnebat potiùs literas, quàm nesciebat :

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candor and generosity of his temper distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters in their several ways appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, * under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws

* See Dryden's Essay on Dramatick Poesie, first printed in quarto, and addressed to Charles Earl of Dorset, then Lord Buckhurst.

of dramatick poetry. Butler owed it to him that the court tasted his Hudibras: Wicherley, that the town liked his Plain Dealer: and the late Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his Reherfal; till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not *rehearse* upon him again. If we wanted foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master of the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *les Belles Letters*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely, that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished, 'till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others writings, could not be refuted; the manner in which he wrote, will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expression of it so particularly

D E D I C A T I O N is

larly happy, that every body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord Dorset's: and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claude Loraine's landskips: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satyr indeed is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the Age) says he was;

The best good man, with the worst natur'd Muse.

Yet even here, that character may justly be applied to him, which Persius gives of the best writer in this kind, that ever lived:

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico.

Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludic.

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satyrist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what

became

DEDICATION.

became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the antient Druids, they retain an universal veneration; though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen, that those men who are least qualified for business, love it most; my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business; he turned his parts rather to books and conversation, than to politicks, and what more immediately related to the public. But whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life; and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind, which shewed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was such, as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that
I
came

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came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song * the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers, before he passed the Granicus; or William the First of Orange, giving order over night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment: as if the king designed to shew the French (who would be thought the politest nation), that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well,

* See song beginning, "To all you ladies now at land," is printed in the vol. of the works of the Minor Poets.

as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: so he retired altogether from court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war: he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the prince of Orange's interest; and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the court; with the same resolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late Duke of Devonshire did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of those times increased to extremity; and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the princess, our present glorious queen: then the Earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late majesties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part
in

in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship; and all the marks of distinction, with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majesties household; a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, and the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent; that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive), were, that he was made knight of the garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom, during his majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining; and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger; he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it; and appeared only sometimes at council, to shew his respect to the commission: giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains, with which it pleased God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect.

Upon

Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character: if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault; and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses: but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gaily spent, (and that too in the beginning of life) were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did; that people were always prepossessed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late Earl of Rochester said in jest to
King

King Charles; that he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote: but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection; and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure too to hit none, but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter; he had certainly been provoked by more than common error: by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs; or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility: or lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion; the insinuation

nuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we set the piece in its worst position; if its faults be most exposed; the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights; and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue. But if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light; the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life depend: and he exercised them with the greatest decency, and best manners. As good-nature is said, by a great * author, to belong more particularly to the English, than any other nation; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset, than to any other English man.

A kind husband he was, without fondness: and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects: for he was often served worse than became his station; from his unwillingness to

* Sprat, Hist. of the Royal Society.

assume

assume an authority too severe. And, during those little transports of passion, to which I just now said he was subject; I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after: for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last, that gave us an example of the old house-keeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home: and an abundance, which shewed that the master's hospitality extended to many more, than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others; his care and exactness that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only; that he usually did the greatest favours, without making any pre-

vious promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those, whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance; that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault, could make him break with them: and then too, his good-nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the court: my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while he gave him his assistance in private; in publick he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life; and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul; as she is said to do in Heaven, above her sister virtues.

Crouds.

Crouds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread: and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships, or hospitals. The lazar and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence, without offending their modesty; and under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy, than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus, and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry: Augustus and Mæcenæ, the protectors of learning: Aristides, the good citizen; and

Atticus, the well-bred friend: and bring them in, as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit; his judgment; his justice; and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the *deliciæ humani generis*, on this account, than my Lord Dorset was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever; to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow, so sensibly as that of his death.

Ille dies—quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Dî voluistis) habebo.

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of your's: and when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I pro-

mise

DEDICATION. xxi

mise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life. To which, that I may with some justice intitle myself, I send your Lordship a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them. That you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities with which Heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of goodwill. If any verses of my writing should appear in print, under another name and patronage, than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of

my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

MAT. PRIOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me; and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted, and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the publick for reprinting some pieces, which as they came singly from their first impresson, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding

others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions; and take them as they happen to come. Publick panegyricks, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I take this occasion to thank my good friend and school-fellow Mr. Dibben*, for his excellent version of the *Carmen Seculare*, though my gra-

* Thomas Dibben, afterwards doctor of divinity, rector of Great Fontmell, in Dorsetshire, precentor of St. Paul's. He was born at Manston, in the same county, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and went chaplain to Dr. Robinson, bishop of Bristol, at the congress of Utrecht. While he continued in that situation, he preached a sermon at St. John's church, before the ambassadors on the day of Queen Ann's accession, which he afterwards published, as he did another sermon preached at Shafton visitation. The sequel of his life did not answer the expectations formed of him from the beginning of it. Many years before his death he became disordered in his senses, left his house and friends, spent his fortune, and died in the Poultry Compter in London, in the year 1741.

titude may justly carry a little envy with it; for I believe the most accurate judges will find the translation exceed the original.

I must likewise own myself obliged to Mrs. Singer †, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

† Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe. It is said that Mr. Prior, about the time this poem was written, made his addresses to this lady.

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P O S T S C R I P T.

I MUST help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader, that there are ten years distance between my writing the one and the other ; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the publick stand in the order they did before, and according to the several years, in which they were written ; however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions, or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others may have changed. Prose, and other human things may take what turn they can ; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered,

tered, when the author has already said, that he expects his works should live forever. And it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if some years after his Exegi Monumentum, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The dedication likewise is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has in fact exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent, and obliging husband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has long since deserved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed some of the greatest charges of the kingdom with known ability;

xxviii P O S T S C R I P T.

ability; and laid them down with entire disinterestment. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may do to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish, he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very pindaric transition. I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no farther. I published my poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman; but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once: I must therefore desire, that the public would please to take them in the gross; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

P O E M
T H E
M A T. P R I O R.

ON EXOD. III, 14.—I AM THAT I AM.
O D E.
WRITTEN IN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I.
M A N! foolish man!

Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulph of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
Vain

P O E M S O F

Vain wretch ! suppress thy knowing pride ;

Mortify thy learned lust !

Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

II.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend ;

The helm let politick Experience guide :

Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride

Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.

What, though still it farther tend ?

Still 'tis farther from its end ;

And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,

Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight

Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd ;

And "ΕΥΦΗΚΑ ! your god, forsooth is found

Incomprehensible and infinite.

But is he therefore found ? vain searcher ! no :

Let your imperfect definition show,

That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why should the collected main

Itself within itself contain ?

Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,

And with delighted silence sleep

On the lov'd bosom of it's parent deep ?

Why should it's numerous waters stay

In comely discipline, and fair array,

Till winds and tides exert their high command ?

Then

Then prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising surges spread
 Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
 Marching through different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the constant sun
 With measur'd steps his radiant journies run?
 Why does he order the diurnal hours
 To leave earth's other part, and rise on ours?
 Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
 Commanding her with delegated pow'rs
 To beautify the world, and bless the night?

Why does each animated star
 Love the just limits of it's proper sphere?

Why does each consenting sign
 With prudent harmony combine:
 In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
 To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity

These unfathom'd wonders try:
 With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
 Matter and motion he restrains;
 And study'd lines and fictious circles draws:

Then with imagin'd sovereignty
 Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
 He reigns: how long? 'till some usurper rise;
 And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.

From

From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
 Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
 That all his predecessor's rules
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools;
 That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne;
 And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms
 his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise;
 Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit
 To Reason's batteries, or the mines of wit:
 Yet still enquiring, still mistaking man,
 Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward press;
 And levelling at God his wandring guesses,
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
 Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:
 Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
 Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill:
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they
 move and live.

Through either ocean, foolish man!
 That pregnant word sent forth again,
 Might to a world extend each atom there;
 For every drop call forth a sea, a heav'n for every
 star.

VIII. Let

VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders hide;
 And only lift thy staggering reason up
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top;
 Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
 Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and eternal dy'd;
 How by her patient victor Death was slain;
 And earth prophan'd, yet bless'd with deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
 Only reserve the sacred one:

Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
 Weep out thy reason's, and thy body's eyes;
 Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise;
 To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give
 Her immortal perspective;
 And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
 Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
 That all the volumes of philosophy,
 With all their comments, never cou'd invent
 So politick an instrument,
 To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high abode,
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd;
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
 Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

T O T H E
C O U N T E S S O F E X E T E R , *
P L A Y I N G O N T H E L U T E .

WHAT charms you have, from what high race
you sprung,

Have been the pleasing subjects of my song :
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
Of Ca'ndish beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse,
What greater theme your musick can produce ;
My babling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

* Anne, daughter of William Earl of Devonshire, and sister to the first Duke of Devonshire, widow also to Charles Lord Rich, was married to John Cecil Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter; she attended her lord upon all his travels, and was present when he died, August 29, 1700, at a village called Issy, near Paris, and surviving him till the 18th of June, 1703, the remains of both were deposited at St. Martin, Stamford, where a magnificent monument, brought among other curious works from Rome, is erected to their memory.

The

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
But, as his pow'r was known, their thoughts were
rais'd;

And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's glory lives in Spencer's song;

And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.

That as in birth, in beauty you excel,

The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell:

Your art no other art can speak; and you,

To show how well you play, must play anew:

* Your musick's pow'r your musick must disclose;

For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of harmony, that thus controuls

Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:

While with its utmost art your sex could move

Our wonder only, or at best our love:

You far above both these your God did place,

That your high pow'r might worldly thoughts

destroy;

That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,

And, like himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native Heav'n you shall repair,

And with your presence crown the blessings there;

* Imitated from Alleyne's Poetical History of Henry VII.

"For nought but light itself, itself can show,

And only kings can write what kings can do."

Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
 To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
 Your art is perfect here ; your numbers do,
 More than our books, make the rude atheist know,
 That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below. }

As in some piece, while Luke his skill express,
 A cunning angel came, and drew the rest :
 So, when you play, some godhead does impart
 Harmonious aid, divinity helps art ;
 Some cherub finishes what you begun,
 And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome when frantick Nero play'd,
 Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
 The raging flames ; but struck with strange surprise,
 Confest them less than those of Anna's eyes :
 But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
 His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd :
 'Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
 And from destruction call'd the rising town :
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield ;
 Nor could he burn so fast, as thou cou'dst build.

M. P R I O R.

PICTURE OF SENECA

DYING IN A BATH.

BY JORDAIN.*

AT THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF EXETER'S

AT BURLEIGH HOUSE.

W HILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless is his rage!
Heighten'd revenge he should have took;
He should have burnt his tutor's book;
And long have reign'd supreme in vice:
One nobler wretch can only rise;
'Tis he whose fury shall deface
The stoic's image in this piece.

* Jacques Jordain was born at Antwerp in 1584; was a disciple of Adam van Oort, but was indebted to Rubens for the principal part of his knowledge in the art of painting: "He painted with extraordinary freedom, ease, and expedition; there is a brilliancy and harmony in his colouring, and a good understanding of the Chiaro Scuro. His composition is rich, his expression natural and strong, but his design wanted elegance and taste. He studied and copied nature, yet he neither selected its beauties, nor rejected its defects. He knew how to give his figures a good relief, though frequently incorrect in the outlines; but his pencil is always excellent, and for a free and spirited touch, no painter can be accounted his superior." Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters. He died in 1678, aged 84 years.

For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
 Thy work and Seneca's remain,
 He still has body, still has soul,
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

A N

O D E. W

I.

WHILE blooming youth, and gay delight
 Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
 My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain :
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
 On power, you know I must obey ?
 Exert a legal tyranny ;
 And do an ill, because you may ?
 Still must I thee, as atheists Heaven adore ;
 Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power ?

III.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace ;
 As well as Cupid, Time is blind :
 Soon must those glories of thy face
 The fate of vulgar beauty find :
 The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
 Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV. Then

IV.

Then wilt thou figh, when in each frown:
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years:
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows
Will show thee just above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect:
A talking dull platonic I shall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou can'st wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys:
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
 To me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any youth beside:
 What men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
 They 're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
 When beauty ceases to engage;
 So thinking on thy charming youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in age:
 So Time itself our raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

VII.

Haste, O haste, haste, while youth invites,
 Obedient Cupid's sweetest voice;
 Fill every sense with love's delight,
 And give thy soul a taste of joy:
 For millions of repeated bliss grow
 And thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VII.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, ESQ.

BURLING, MAY 14, 1689.

S I R,

AS once a twelvemonth to the priest,
Holy at Rome, here antichrist,
The Spanish king presents a jennet,
To show his love; — That's all that's in it:
For if his holiness would thump
His reverend bum 'gainst horse's ramp,
He might b' equipt from his own stable
With one more white, and eke more able.

Or as with Gondola's and men, his
Good excellencè the Duke of Venice
(I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring;
Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance:
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold, than he,

Or,

Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
 For popish families beyond sea;
 As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
 Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
 Present a turkey, or a hen
 To those might better spare them ten:
 Ev'n so, with all submission, I
 (For first men instance, then apply)
 Send you each year a homely letter,
 Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
 To pay respect, and not show wit:
 Nor look askew at what it saith;
 There's no petition in it,—'Faith.

Here some would scratch their heads, and try
 What they should write, and how, and why;
 But I conceive, such folks are quite in
 Mistakes, in theory of writing.
 If once for principle 't is laid,
 That thought is trouble to the head;
 I argue thus: the world agrees,
 That he writes well, who writes with ease:
 Then he, by sequel logical,
 Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward light;
 Meer human pains can ne'er come by 't:
 The God, not we, the poem makes;
 We only tell folks what he speaks.
 Hence when anatomists discourse,
 How like brutes organs are to ours;

They

They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit;
And that for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satyr.

Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
With prompting priest behind the hanging:
The wooden head resolv'd the question;
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know; and teach 'us,
The God makes not the poet; but
The thesis, vice-versâ put,
Should Hebrew-wise be understood;
And means, the Poet makes the God.

Ægyptian gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to;
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its pantiety.

That when you poets swear and cry,
The God inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the cholick in your belly;
That writing is but just like dice;
And lucky mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the center,
 They urge, made all things at a venture.
 But granting matters should be spoke
 By method, rather than by luck;
 This may confine their younger files,
 Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's :
 But never could be meant to tie
 Authentic wits, like you and I:
 For as young children, who are try'd in
 Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding;
 When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
 Make use of such machine no longer;
 But leap pro libitu, and scout
 On horse call'd hobby, or without :
 So when at school we first declaim,
 Old Busbey walks us in a theme,
 Whose props support our infant vein,
 And help the rickets in the brain :
 But when our souls their force dilate,
 And thoughts grow up to wit's estate;
 In verse or prose, we write or chat,
 Not six-pence matter upon what.
 'Tis not how well an author says ;
 But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
 Tonson, who is himself a wit,
 Counts writers merits by the sheet.
 Thus each should down with all he thinks,
 As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
 Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you ;
 I hope y' are well ; so God be wi' you ;

Was

Was all I thought at first to write :
 But things, since then, are alter'd quite ;
 Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high :
 So God knows when my clack will lie ;
 I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
 And beg your pardon yet this half hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
 Where with my granam I have gone,
 When Lobb had sifted all his text,
 And I well hop'd the pudding next ;
 Now TO APPLY, has plagu'd me more,
 Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion, first, of her
 Your friends do sav'ry things aver :
 They say, she's honest, as your claret,
 Not sour'd with cant, nor stum'd with merit :
 Your chamber is the sole retreat
 Of chaplains ev'ry Sunday night :
 Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
 When lay-man herds with man divine :
 For if their fame be justly great,
 Who would no Popish nuncio treat ;
 That his is greater, we must grant,
 Who will treat nuncio's Protestant.
 One single positive weighs more,
 You know, than negatives a score.

In politicks, I hear, you're stanch,
 Directly bent against the French ;
 Deny to have your free-born toe
 Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe :

Are

Are in no plots ; but fairly drive at
 The public welfare, in your private :
 And will, for England's glory, try
 Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
 And keep your places till you die.

For me, whom wandering Fortune threw
 From what I lov'd, the town and you ;
 Let me just tell you how my time is
 Past in a country-life.—Imprimis,
 As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
 First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast ;
 So on, 'till foresaid God does set,
 I sometimes study, sometimes eat.

Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
 With whom old Homer makes such noise,
 The greatest actions I can find,
 Are, that they did their work, and din'd.

The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
 Are such, as you have whilom con'd ;
 That treat of China's civil law,
 And subjects rights in Golconda ;
 Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
 That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland ;
 Of apes that storm, or keep a town,
 As well almost, as count Lauzun ;
 Of unicorns and alligators,
 Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, fatyrs,
 And twenty other stranger matters ;
 Which, though they 're things I 've no concern in,
 Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Criticks

Criticks I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again ;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your wits, that fleer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram ;
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And sily put them off for mine :
Fond to be thought a country wit :
The rest,—when fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottl'd ale, and country vicar ;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
'Squire Shephard's health,—with all my heart.

Thus, without much delight, or grief,
I fool away an idle life ;
'Till Shadwell from the town retires,
(Choak'd up with fame and sea-coal fires,)
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric ;
Then hey for praise and panegyric ;
Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON.

BY MR. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born virgin shone,
And how the first fond lover was undone.
Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,
As Milton wrote, and such as yours her look.
Yours, the best copy of th' original face,
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race:
Such chains no author could escape but he;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

T O T H E
L A D Y D U R S L E Y : *

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by fin Eve's blasted charms decay'd ;
Our common loss unjustly you complain ;
So small that part of it, which you sustain.

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destin'd for the race :
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
For Heav'n's first work, and Eve's original look.

You, happy saint, the serpent's pow'r controul :
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul :
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly Eden lost.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd ;
Nor had our blifs by penitence been bought ;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

* Elizabeth, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden. She died 30 July, 1719. Her husband, Charles Earl of Berkeley (when Lord Dursley), had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States of Holland, from whence he returned in 1695.

T O

M Y L O R D B U C K H U R S T . *

V E R Y Y O U N G .

P L A Y I N G W I T H A C A T .

TH E am'rous youth, whose tender breast
 Was by his darling cat possess'd,
 Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
 Howe'er irregular his fire :
 Nature the pow'r of love obey'd :
 The cat became a blushing maid ;
 And, on the happy change, the boy
 Employ'd his wonder, and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous child, take care ;
 Lest thou prefer so rash a pray'r :
 Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
 Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve.
 O quickly from her shrine retreat ;
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
 Her own Adonis live in thee,
 Will lightly her first loss deplore ;
 Will easily forgive the boar :

* Lionel, afterwards Duke of Dorset, to whom Prior afterwards dedicated his poems.

Her

Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
 With jealous rage her breast will glow:
 And on her tabby rival's face
 She deep will mark her new disgrace.

A N
 O D E.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
 The secret passions of our mind;
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess
 A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,
 To have this fatal secret found:
 With the same ease you threw the dart,
 'Tis certain you may show the wound.

III.

How can I see you, and not love;
 While you as op'ning east are fair?
 While cold as northern blasts you prove;
 How can I love, and not despair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
 Your potent mercy may release:
 Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
 Fair prophets, my grief would cease.

S O N G.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over,
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love?
 Alas! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From slighted vows, and cold disdain?
 Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose:
 That thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my shipwrackt heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain;
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain,

T H E

D E S P A I R I N G S H E P H E R D,

AL E X I S shun'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports, and jocund strains,
 (Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
 And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe,

The

The nymphs and shepherds round him came !
His grief some pity, others blame ;
The fatal cause all kindly seek :
He mingled his concern with theirs ;
He gave 'em back their friendly tears ;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest ;
And she too kind concern exprest,
And ask'd the reason of his woe :
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal ;
Which nothing from my breast should tear ;
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell ?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
You are the cause of all my care :
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart :
Ten thousand torments vex my heart :
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard :
 'Tis what I thought ; 'tis what I fear'd :
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd :
 But you shall promise ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ. *

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
 Through Fate's perverse mæander errs,
 He can imagin'd pleasures find,
 To combat against real cares.

* Afterwards Earl of Halifax. "He raised himself," says Mr. Walpole, "by his abilities and eloquence in the House of Commons, where he had the honour of being attacked, in conjunction with Lord Somers, and the satisfaction of establishing his innocence as clearly. Addison has celebrated this lord in his account of the greatest English poets : Steele has drawn his character in the dedication of the second volume of the Spectator, and the fourth of the Tatler ; but Pope in the portrait of Bufo in the Epistle to Arbuthnot has returned the ridicule, which his lordship, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's Hind and Panther." He dyed 19 May, 1715.

II. Fancies

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artist †, woo's
The image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration;
Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives;
And sets his judgment by his passion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes: 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, 'till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

† Apelles.

VIII.

At distance through an artful glass
 To the mind's eye things well appear :
 They lose their forms, and make a mass
 Confus'd and black if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes :
 Then what avails it to have eyes ?
 From ignorance our comfort flows.
 The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We weary'd should lye down in death :
 This cheat of life would take no more ;
 If you thought fame but empty breath ;
 I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

H Y M N T O T H E S U N.

S E T B Y D R. P U R C E L.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR
 MAJESTIES ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1693-4.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE.

I.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
 With happy speed begin thy great career ;
 And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
 Through every distant climate own,

That

That in fair Albion thou hast seen
 The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
 That ever sav'd a land, or blest a throne,
 Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power
 was known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confest,
 So the returning year be blest,
 As his infant months bestow
 Springing wreaths for William's brow;
 As his summer's youth shall shed
 Eternal sweets around Maria's head:
 From the blessings they bestow,
 Our times are dated, and our era's move;
 They govern and enlighten all below,
 As thou dost all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
 Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
 Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,
 When clad in rising majesty,
 Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hills confest,
 With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory drest.
 Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
 The raging Python to destroy,
 And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From fairest years, and Time's more happy stores,
 Gather all the smiling hours;

Such

Such as with friendly care have guarded
 Patriots and kings in rightful wars ;
 Such as with conquest have rewarded
 Triumphant victors happy cares ;
 Such as story has recorded
 Sacred to Nassau's long renown,
 For countries fav'd, and battles won.

V.

March them again in fair array,
 And bid them form the happy day,
 The happy day design'd to wait
 On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
 Let the happy day be crown'd
 With great event, and fair success ;
 No brighter in the year be found,
 But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
 Great in wisdom as in power ;
 Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,
 Chuse out other smiling hours ;
 Such as with joyous wings have fled,
 When happy counsels were advising ;
 Such as have lucky omens shed
 O'er forming laws, and empires rising ;
 Such as many courses ran,
 Hand in hand, a goodly train,
 To bless the great Eliza's reign ;
 And in the typic glory show,
 What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

VII. As

VII.

As the solemn hours advance,
 Mingled send into the dance
 Many fraught with all the treasures,
 Which thy eastern travel views;
 Many wing'd with all the pleasures,
 Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse:
 That great Maria all those joys may know,
 Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory sing our sov'reign's praise,
 God of verses and of days:
 Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
 Their lasting work with William's name;
 Let chosen Muses yet unborn
 Take great Maria for their future theme;
 Eternal structures let them raise,
 On William's and Maria's praise:
 Nor want new subject for the Song;
 Nor fear they can exhaust the store;
 'Till Nature's musick lies unstrung;
 'Till thou, great God, shalt lose thy double pow'r;
 And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

T H E

LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS. •

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

CELIA and I the other day
 Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea;
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
 And on the surface of the deep,
 The winds lay only not asleep:
 The nymph did like the scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air.

• See Longinus's comparison of the *Odyssey* to the *Setting Sun*. Ed. Pearce, 8vo. p. 56.

“Whether Prior had the latter words in view, one cannot say; but it is difficult to conceive how the same image could be more accurately or forcibly transferred from one language to another. That lively and most agreeable writer was very fond of copying from the Grecian school, but always in such a manner as to shew the master, where he even meant to imitate, of which this little poem is a beautiful instance: the learned will easily trace in the *Looking-Glass* of Prior the Poet and his Muse (as it may be inscribed) of Moschus. *CAPRICE* is the general subject of both poems, and many images of the latter are transplanted into the former.” Note to *Eunomus*, 1774, vol. iv, p. 108.

With

With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a fight so gay. }

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the fight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, she 'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good-humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee;
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh:
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
It's fury, labours less than I.

Ship-

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make ;
 While Love and Fate still drive me back :
 Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
 I chide thee first, and then obey.
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
 I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

P A S T O R A L.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER. *

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends;
 And rising night the ev'ning shade extends:
 While pearly dew's o'erspread the fruitful field;
 And closing flowers reviving odours yield:
 Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
 What from our hearts our Muses may indite.
 Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
 Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

* Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe. It is said Mr. Prior once made his addresses to this lady.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim;
 Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
 A stranger to the loose delights of love,
 My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:
 And, while it's pure and sacred fire I sing,
 Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

A M A R Y L L I S.

Propitious God of Love, my breast inspire
 With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire:
 Propitious God of Love, thy succour bring;
 Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing.
 Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair,
 Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
 For him each virgin sighs; and on the plains
 The happy youth above each rival reigns.
 Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring spring,
 In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing;
 When loud applauses fill the crowded groves;
 And Phœbus the superior song approves.

S I L V I A.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
 Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
 When she is near, all anxious trouble flies;
 And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
 Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
 In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires:

And

And on the plain when she no more appears,
 The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
 In vain the streams roll on: the eastern breeze
 Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
 In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,
 And to the silent night their notes prolong:
 Nor groves, nor chrystal streams, nor verdant field
 Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

A M A R Y L L I S.

And in his absence, all the pensive day,
 In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;
 All day to the repeating caves complain,
 In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
 Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around:
 Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales resound.

S I L V I A.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murmur'ing stream,
 Aminta is my Muse's softest theme:
 'Tis she that does my artful notes refine:
 With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall shine.

A M A R Y L L I S.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
 And consecrate to him eternal vows:
 The charming youth shall my Apollo prove:
 He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE FOREGOING
PASTORAL

BY Silvia if thy charming self be meant;
 If friendship be thy virgin vows extent;
 O! let me in Aminta's praises join:
 Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
 When for thy head the garland I prepare;
 A second Wreath shall bind Aminta's hair:
 And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim;
 Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;
 My heart shall own the justice of her cause;
 And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.
 But, if beneath thy numbers soft disguise,
 Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lyes;
 If Amaryllis breaths thy secret pains;
 And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains,
 May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
 The flame propitious, and the lover kind:
 May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,
 And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure;

May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford ;
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board.

But, if by chance the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less chearful to arise ;
Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess ;
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

T O
A L A D Y:

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH
ME, AND LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT.

A N
O D E.

I.

S P A R E, gen'rous Victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue bely'd;
And in my looks you might have read,
How much I argu'd on your side.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

E 2

IV. Why,

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
 On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
 Could I their prevalence deny,
 I must at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
 I only to the fight aspir'd:
 To keep the beauteous foe in view
 Was all the glory I desir'd.

VI.

But she, howe'er of vict'ry sure,
 Contemns the wreath too long delay'd;
 And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
 Calls cruel silence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight:
 She drops her arms, to gain the field;
 Secures her conquest by her flight;
 And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

VIII.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
 And from the hostile camp withdrew;
 With cruel skill the backward reed
 He sent; and as he fled, he slew.

SEEING THE
DUKE OF ORMOND'S
P I C T U R E,

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, strike
These lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's † glorious plain

E 3

Place

* James Duke of Ormond, eldest son of Thomas Earl of Ossory. He succeeded his grandfather in title and estate in the year 1688; was bred at Christ Church in the university of Oxford, and after holding many considerable posts during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, was in the beginning of the reign of George the First, attainted of high treason on account of his being concerned in the unpopular measures of the last four years of Queen Anne's reign. He died in Exile in the year 1745, in a very advanced age.

† At the battle of Landen the Duke of Ormond was taken prisoner after his horse was shot under him, and he had received many wounds. Mr. Dryden, in his dedication prefixed to his Fables in the year 1699, says, "Yet
" not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay
" a little

Place Ormond's duke : impendent in the air
 Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,
 Where-e'er it points, denouncing death : below
 Draw routed squadrons, and the num'rous foe
 Falling beneath, or flying from his blow :

}
 'Till

" a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others
 " to the consideration of your self. When, in the battle
 " of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardon-
 " able to your youth) had transported you so far before
 " your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less
 " to succour you ; when you were not only dangerously,
 " but in all appearance mortally wounded, when in that
 " desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried
 " to Namur, at that time in possession of the French ;
 " then it was, my Lord, that you took a considerable part
 " of what was remitted to you of your own revenues,
 " and as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put
 " it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was Go-
 " vernor of the place, to be distributed among your fel-
 " low-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with
 " the greatness of your soul, accordingly assigned it to
 " the use for which it was intended by the donor : by
 " which means the lives of so many miserable men were
 " saved, and a comfortable provision made for their sub-
 " sistence, who had otherwise perished ; had not you been
 " the companion of their misfortune ; or rather sent by
 " Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine
 " from invading those, whom in humility you called your
 " brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures,
 " that your grace was made their fellow-sufferer ? and
 " how

"Till weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
 Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,
 He faints: his steed no longer hears the rein;
 But stumbles o'er the heap, his hand had slain.
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies;
 Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes
 Stern vengeance yet, and hostile terror stand:
 His front yet threatens; and his frowns command:
 The Gallick chiefs their troops around him call;
 Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.—

O Kneller, could thy shades and lights express
 The perfect hero in that glorious dress;

" how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather
 " than not relieve the wants of others? The heathen
 " poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans,
 " spoke like a Christian: *NON IGNARA MALI, MISERIS*
 " *SUCCURRERE DISCO.* All men, even those of a dif-
 " ferent interest, and contrary principles, must praise this
 " Action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this
 " degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when
 " men were made *DE MELIORE LUTO*; when examples
 " of charity were frequent, and when they were in being,
 " *TEUCRI PULCHERRIMA PROLES, MAGNANIMI HE-*
 " *ROES NATI MELIORIBUS ANNIS.* No envy can de-
 " tract from this; it will shine in history; and, like
 " swans, grow whiter the longer it endures: and the
 " name of *ORMOND* will be more celebrated in his cap-
 " tivity, than in his greatest triumphs."

Ages to come might Ormond's picture know;
 And palms for thee beneath his lawrels grow:
 In spite of Time thy work might ever shine;
 Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

C E L I A T O D A M O N.

ATQUE IN AMORE MALA HÆC PROPRIO, SUMMEQUE
 SECUNDO INVENIUNTUR—— LUCRET. LIB. 4.

WHAT can I say, what arguments can prove
 My truth, what colours can describe my love;
 If it's excess and fury be not known,
 In what thy Celia has already done?

Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
 In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld;
 With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
 That durst not tell me, what I dy'd to hear:
 In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
 Or shelter passion under friendship's name:
 You saw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
 And when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd——

E'er guardian thought could bring it's scatter'd
 aid;

E'er reason could support the doubting maid;

My

My soul surpriz'd, and from herself disjoin'd,
Left all reserve, and all the sex behind :
From your command her motions she receiv'd ;
And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine ;
And fires eternal on her altars shine ;
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound ;
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd,
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone ;
And sure I am, thou wouldst not change this hour
For all the white ones, Fate has in it's pow'r. —

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture born ;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye ;
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh ;
Invading fears repel my coward joy :
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this Beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose :
But with no owner Beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of Time borne swift away :
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes,
(Where now without a boast some lustre lies)

No

No longer shall their little honours keep;
 Shall only be of use to read, or weep:
 And on this forehead, where your verse has laid,
 The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd;
 Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,
 And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may
 cease,

And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease:
 Or angry Heav'n may quicker darts prepare;
 And Sickness strike what Time awhile would spare.
 Then will my swain his glowing vows renew;
 Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
 When my own face deters me from my glass;
 And Kneller only shews, what Celia was.

Fantastic fame may sound her wild alarms:
 Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
 You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
 Whose smoak too long obscur'd your rising name:
 And quickly cold indiff'rence will ensue;
 When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.

Then Celia's loudest pray'r will prove too weak,
 To this abandon'd breast to bring you back;
 When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
 With musick day, and wet with jovial friends:
 The tender accents of a woman's cry
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;

When

When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail ;
 When fair occasion shows the springing gale ;
 And Int'rest guides the helm ; and Honour swells
 the sail.

Some wretched lines from this neglected hand,
 May find my hero on the foreign strand,
 Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new com-
 mand :

While she who wrote 'em, of all joy bereft,
 To the rude censure of the world is left ;
 Her mangl'd fame in barb'rous pastime lost,
 The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
 Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.

Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)
 May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
 That tyrant god, that restless conqueror
 May quit his pleasure, to assert his pow'r ;
 Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,
 To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another nymph with fatal pow'r may rise,
 To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes ;
 With haughty pride may hear her charms confess ;
 And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest :
 You ev'ry night may sigh for her in vain ;
 And rise each morning to some fresh disdain :
 While Celia's softest look may cease to charm ;
 And her embraces want the pow'r to warm :
 While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
 More heavy chains, and those of hopeless love.

Just

Just Gods! all other things their like produce:
 The vine arises from her mother's juice:
 When feeble plants, or tender flow'rs decay;
 They to their seed their images convey:
 Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds;
 Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
 And when the parent-rose decays, and dies;
 With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
 That product only which our passions bear,
 Eludes the planter's miserable care:
 While blooming Love assures us golden fruit;
 Some inborn poison taints the secret root:
 Soon fall the flow'rs of joy; soon seeds of hatred
 shoot.

Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true?
 Or was it but the woman's fear, that drew
 This cruel scene, unjust to Love and you?
 Will you be only, and for ever mine?
 Shall neither time, nor age our souls disjoin?
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
 Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn?
 And can you not for her you love do more,
 Than any youth for any nymph before?

III

O D E

PRESENTED TO THE KING, ON HIS MAJESTY'S

ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND,

AFTER

THE QUEEN'S DEATH.

M D C X C V.

QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR AUT MODUS
TAM CARI CAPITIS? PRÆCIPE LUGUBRES
CANTUS, MELPOMENE.

I.

AT Mary's tomb, (sad, sacred place!)

The virtues shall their vigils keep:

And every Muse, and every grace

In solemn state shall ever weep.

II.

The future, pious, mournful fair,

Oft as the rolling years return,

With fragrant wreaths, and flowing hair,

Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

• Queen Mary died, on the 28th December, 1694, in
the 33d year of her age.

III. For

III.

For her the wise and great shall mourn;
 When late records her deeds repeat:
 Ages to come, and men unborn
 Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
 Her holy Queen's sad reliques guard;
 Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,
 And gives the saint her full reward.

V.

But let the king dismiss his woes,
 Reflecting on his fair renown;
 And take the cypress from his brows,
 To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If prest by grief our monarch stoops;
 In vain the British lions roar:
 If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,
 The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattel'd princes wait the chief,
 Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead;
 And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
 Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand,
 Who still to conquest led the way;
 Wishing him present to command,
 As they stand ready to obey:

IX. They

IX.

They seek that joy, which used to glow,
Expanded on the hero's face;
When the thick squadrons prest the foe,
And William led the glorious chace.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great sun: with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds, which keep thee from our fight.

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
For Mary's setting rays atone:
Our lustre with redoubl'd force,
Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious King, with diff'rent strife
Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn:
So much she fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate she dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy softer half
Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve:
But let her strength in thee be safe:
And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, save the land
From thy own grief, her fiercest foe;
Left Britain, rescu'd by thy hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

XV. Her

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
 Unless new trophies still be fought;
 And hoary majesty sustain
 The battles, which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
 Which made her hate the war's alarms?
 That soft excess, with which she strove
 To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,
 Which call'd him o'er his subject seas:
 While, for the safety of the king,
 She wish'd the victor's glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
 Hastens her lord to foreign wars:
 Happy, if toils may break his woe;
 Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
 Lest he the rising grief should hear:
 She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
 Lest he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince, let France be taught,
 How constant minds by grief are try'd;
 How great the land, that wept and fought,
 When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI. Fierce

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
 Where death with all his darts is seen,
 That he can touch thy heart with none,
 But that which struck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
 While yet her master was not near;
 With sullen pride refus'd relief,
 And sat obdurate in despair.

XXIII.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd
 Unbounded sorrow from her eyes:
 To earth her bended front she bow'd,
 And sent her wailings to the skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd;
 Rais'd is her head; her eyes are dry'd:
 She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd;
 She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all sorrows claim,
 She does for thy content resign:
 Her piety itself would blame;
 If her regrets should waken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, she shews thy fame;
 Lest the great mourner should forget,
 That all the race, whence Orange came,
 Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

P O E M S O F

XXVII.

William his country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her freedom seal :
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set;
Thy father's bloom and death may tell :
Excelling others these were great :
Thou, greater still, must these excell.

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give,
Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd ;
And shew the world, that thou can'st live,
Intrepid, as thy comfort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
No dire event could every stay,
Must carry on it's destin'd course ;
Though Death and Envy stop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live :
Pierc'd by their grief forget thy own :
New toils endure ; new conquest give ;
And bring them ease, though thou hast none.

XXXII.

Vanquish again ; though she be gone,
Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair :
And reign ; though she has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII. Fair

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king a useless pray'r :
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averse his ear.

XXXIV.

But should the weeping hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove ;
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
The object of his grief and love ;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
Her pow'r with boundless joy confest,
Her person only not ador'd :

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt ;
Yet ought his passions to abate :
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee :
Her scepter, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh ! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame :
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
 Receives it's forms, thy virtues rowl:
 From Mary's glory, angels trace
 The beauty of her part'ner's soul.

XL.

Wise Fate, which does it's Heav'n decree
 To heroes, when they yield their breath,
 Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
 Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis giv'n,
 Unbounded through all worlds to go:
 While she, great saint, rejoices Heav'n;
 And thou sustain'st the orb below.

I N
I M I T A T I O N
O F
A N A C R E O N.

LET 'em censure: what care I?
The herd of criticks I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write
Regardless of their grace, or spight.
No, no: the fair, the gay, the young
Govern the numbers of my Song.
All that they approve is sweet:
And all is sense, that they repeat.
Bid the warbling Nine retire:
Venus, string thy servant's lyre:
Love shall be my endless theme:
Pleasure shall triumph over fame:
And when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine:
May I grasp at empty praise;
And lose the nymph, to gain the bays.

A N

M O D E.

I.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
 But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, by darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toylet lay ;
 When Cloe noted her desire,
 That I should sing, that I should play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise ;
 But with my numbers mix my sighs :
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
 I sung and gaz'd : I play'd and trembl'd :
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd, how ill we all dissembl'd.

O D E

M. P R I O R.

59

O D E

SUR LA PRISE

D E N A M U R,

PAR LES ARMES DU ROY,

L'ANNEE MDCXCII.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

A N

E N G L I S H B A L L A D,

O N T H E

T A K I N G O F N A M U R,

B Y T H E

K I N G O F G R E A T B R I T A I N,

M D C X C V.

O D O E

SUR LA PRISE

D E N A M U R,

PAR LES ARMES DU ROY,

L' ANNEE MDCXCII.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX,

I.

QUELLE docte & sainte yvresse
 Aujourd' huy me fait la loy ?
 Chastes nymphes du permesse,
 N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?
 Accourez, troupe sçavante :
 Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;
 Ces arbres sont réjouis :
 Marquez en bien la cadence :
 En vous, vents, faites silence :
 Je vais parler de Louis.

II. Dans

M. P R I O R.

A N
E N G L I S H B A L L A D,
O N T H E
T A K I N G O F N A M U R,
B Y T H E
K I N G O F G R E A T B R I T A I N.
M D C X C V.

DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.*

I. & II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it:

So might not Bacchus give you law?

Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet,

Or virgin of St. Cyr, you saw?

Why all this fury? What's the matter,

That oaks must come from Thrace to dance?

Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?

And is there no such wood in France?

Why must the winds all hold their tongue?

If they a little breath should raise:

Would that have spoiled the Poet's song;

Or puff'd away the monarch's praise?

Pindar

* This Ballad received great alterations after the first edition of it. The taking of Namur by the French in the year 1692, and the retaking it by the English in the year 1695, were considered by each nation as events which contributed

POEMS OF

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses ailes,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire.
Tu peux suivre mes transports;
Les chesnes de monts de Thrace
N'ont rien ouï, que ne'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Est-ce Apollon & Neptune,
Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de fortune,
Basté ces murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte fameuse
La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
Defend le fatal abord;
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, & la mort.

tributed to raise the honour and reputation of the respective kingdoms. Both sieges were carried on by the rival monarchs in person, and the success of each was celebrated by the best writers of the times. It may be doubted whether there ever was a burlesque more agreeably or happily executed than this by our excellent countryman,

Dix

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies :

While Virtue leads the noble way :

Too like a vulture Boileau flies,

Where sordid Int'rest shews the prey.

When once the Poet's honour ceases,

From reason far his transports rove :

And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,

Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,

Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban : †

They armed these rocks : then show'd old Jove

Of Marli wood, the wond'rous plan.

Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,

By human force could ne'er be shaken :

But you and I in Homer read

Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.

Sambre and Maese their waves may join ;

But ne'er can William's force restrain :

He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyn : *

Remember this and arm the Sein.

† Two celebrated engineers.

* In the year 1690, notwithstanding numberless difficulties, this famous passage of the river brought on a general engagement, which entirely destroyed the power of King James, and put an end to every hope of success, which he had before entertained from his expedition to Ireland.

IV. Fall

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
 Les bordant de toutes parts,
 D' éclair au loin homicides
 Font petiller, leurs remparts :
 Et dans son sein infidele
 Par tout la terre y recele
 Un feu prest à s'élancer,
 Qui soudain perçant son goufre,
 Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre,
 A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
 Jadis la Grece eust vingt ans
 Sans fruit veu les funerailles
 De ses plus fiers combattans,
 Quelle effroyable Puissance
 Aujourd'huy pourtant s'avance,
 Preste à fondroyer tes monts ?
 Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
 C'est Jupiter en personne ;
 Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point : c'est luy-mesme,
 Tout brille en luy ; tout est roy,
 Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
 Commence à trembler pour toy,

En

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
 With fire and sword the fort maintain;
 Each was a Hercules, you tell us,
 Yet out they march'd like common men.
 Cannons above, and mines below,
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive:
 Yet matters have been order'd so,
 That most of us are still alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy;
 Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks:
 Their siege did ten long years employ;
 We've done our bus'ness in ten weeks.
 What godhead does so fast advance,
 What dreadful pow'r those hills to gain?
 'Tis little Will, the scourge of France;
 No Godhead but the first of men.
 His mortal arm exerts the pow'r
 To keep ev'n Mons's victor under: †
 And that same jupiter no more
 Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our king thus trembles at Namur,
 Whilst Villeroy, who never afraid is,
 To Bruxelles marches on secure,
 To bomb the monks and scare the ladies.

† Mons surrendered to Louis XIV. 10 April, 1691.

* While King William was carrying on the siege of Namur, Marshal Villeroy, in order to compel him to relinquish that design, marched to Brussels and bombarded that town.

After

En vain il voit le Batave,
 Deformais docile Esclève,
 Rangé Sous ses étendars :
 En vain au Lion Belgique
 Il voit l'aigle Germanique
 Uni sous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
 Dont ses sens sont agités,
 A son secours il appelle
 Les peuples les plus vantéz.
 Ceux là viennent du rivage,
 Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage
 De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
 Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
 Des marais de la norvége
 Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
 Sous les Jumeaux effrayéz,
 Des froids torrens de Decembre
 Les champs par tout sont noyéz.
 Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
 De voir en proye à Boree

Sea

After this glorious expedition,
 One battle makes the marshal great :
 He must perform the king's commission :
 Who knows, but Orange may retreat ?
 Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
 Or be prevail'd with not to fight :
 And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
 That William would preserve that right.

VII.

From Seyn and Loyre, to Rhone and Po,
 See ev'ry mother's son appear :
 In such a case ne'er blame a foe,
 If he betrays some little fear.
 He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes ;
 Finds a small river in his way :
 So waves his colours, beats his drums ;
 And thinks it prudent there to stay.
 The Gallic troops breathe blood and war,
 The Marshal cares not to march faster :
 Poor Vill'roy moves so slowly here,
 We fancy'd all, it was his master.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain
 Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace :
 No torrents swell the low Mehayne ?
 The world will say, he durst not pass.
 Why will no Hyades appear,
 Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre ?
 Just as they did that mighty year,
 When you turn'd June into December.

The

Ses guerets d'epics chargéz,
 Et sous les urnes fangeuses
 Des Hyades oraguses
 Tous ses trésors submergéz.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
 Princes, vents, peuples, frimats;
 Ramassez tous vos nuages;
 Rassemblez tous vos soldats.
 Malgré vous Namur en poudre
 S'en va tomber sous la foudre
 Qui domta Lille, courtray,
 Gand la superbe espagnole,
 Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
 Ypres, Mastricht, & Cambray.

X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent :
 Il commence à chanceler :
 Sous les coups qui retentissent
 Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
 Mars en feu qui les domine,
 Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
 Et les bombes dans les airs
 Allant chercher le tonnerre
 Semblent tombant sur la terre,
 Vouloirs s'ouvrir les enfers.

XI. Accourez,

The Water-nymphs are too unkind
 To Vill'roy; are the Land-nymphs so?
 And fly they all, at once combin'd
 To shame a general, and a beau?

IX.

Truth, Justice, Sense, Religion, Fame,
 May join to finish William's story:
 Nations set free may bless his name;
 And France in secret own his glory.
 But Ypres, Mæstricht, and Cambray,
 Befançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Lille,
 Courtray, and Dole—ye criticks, say,
 How poor to this was Pindar's stile!
 With *eke's* and *also's* tack thy strain,
 Great bard; and sing the deathless prince,
 Who lost Namur the same campaign,
 He bought Dixmude, and plunder'd Deynse.

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out:
 I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
 Of those confounded drums; no doubt
 Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
 Dear me! a hundred thousand French
 With terror fill the neighb'ring field:
 While William carries on the trench,
 Till both the town and castle yield.
 Vill'roy to Boufflers should advance,
 Says Mars, through cannons mouths in fire;
Id est, one mareschal of France
 Tells t' other, he can come no nigher.

XI.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
 De ces murs l'unique espoir :
 A couvert d'une riviere
 Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
 Confideroz ces approches :
 Voyez grimper sur ces roches
 Ces athletes belliqueux ;
 Et dans les eaux, dans la flamme,
 Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
 Marcher, courir avec eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeste,
 Qui sort de ces boulevards,
 La plume qui sur sa teste
 Attire tous les regards.
 A cet astre redoutable
 Toujours un sort favorable
 S'attache dans les combats :
 Et toujours avec la gloire
 Mars amenant la victoire
 Vole, & le suit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands deffenseurs de l'Espagne,
 Montrez-vous : il en est temps :
 Courage ; vers la Mahagne
 Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
 Jamais ses ondes craintives
 N'ont veû sur leurs foibles rives

Tant

XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
Vill'roy ; or to Versailles take post ;
For, having seen it, thou canst say
The steps, by which Namur was lost,
The smoke and flame may vex thy fight :
Look not once back : but as thou goest,
Quicken the squadrons in their flight ;
And bid the d——l take the slowest.
Think not what reason to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear :
He'll own the strength of thy excuse ;
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to shine so like a star :
The gen'als could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war,
O Poet ! thou had'st been discreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat so high ;
If thou had'st dubb'd thy star a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray :
In vain France hopes, the sickly light
Should shine near William's fuller day,

Tant de guerries s'amasser.
 Courez donc : qui vous retarde ?
 Tout l'univers vous regarde.
 N'osez vous la traverser ?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
 A vos nombreux bataillons,
 Luxembourg a du rivage
 Reculé ses pavillons.
 Quoy ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?
 Où sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
 Jadis si prompts à marcher,
 Qui devoient de la Tamise,
 Et de la Drave soumise,
 Jusq'à Paris nous chercher ?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
 Sur les remparts de Namur
 Son gouverneur qui se trouble
 S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
 Déjà jusques à ses portes
 Je voy monter nos cohortes,
 La flame & le fer en main :
 Et sur les monceaux de piques,
 De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
 S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI. C'en

It knows Versailles, it's proper station ;
 Nor cares for any foreign sphere :
 Where you see Boileau's constellation,
 Be sure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force ;
 And William met them in their way :
 Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse.
 What has friend Boileau left to say ?
 When his high Muse is bent upon't,
 To sing her king—that great commander,
 Or on the shores of Hellespont,
 Or in the valleys near Scamander ;
 Would it not spoil his noble task,
 If any foolish Phrygian there is,
 Impertinent enough to ask,
 How far Namur may be from Paris.

XV.

Two stanzas more before we end,
 Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire :
 Leave them behind you, honest friend :
 And with your countrymen retire,
 Your ode is spoilt ; Namur is freed ;
 For Dixmuyd something yet is due :
 So good Count Guiscard may proceed ; *
 But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you——

* Count Guiscard was commander of the town of Namur, Marshal Boufflers of the castle there.

XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
 Sur ces Rochers éperdus
 Battre un signal pour se rendre :
 Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
 Dépouillez votre arrogance,
 Fiers ennemis de la France,
 Et désormais gracieux,
 Allez à Liège, à Bruxelles,
 Porter les humbles nouvelles
 De Namur pris à vos yeux.

When

XVI.

'Tis done. In fight of these commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raise the siege,
The foes of France march safe through Flanders;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege,
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain:
He the same play by land has shewn,
As Tourville did upon the main.*
Yet is the Marshal made a peer!
O William, may thy arms advance;
That he may lose Dinant next year,
And so be constable of France.

* M. de Tourville was commander of the French squadron which engaged Admiral Russell in 1692, off La Hogue.

PRESENTED
 TO THE KING,
 AT HIS
 ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND,
 AFTER THE
 DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY *

MDCXCVI.

SERUS IN COELUM REDEAS; DIUQUE

LÆTUS INTERSIS POPULO QUIRINI:

NEVE TE NOSTRIS VITIIS INIQUUM

OCYOR AURA

TOLLAT——

Hor. ad Augustum,

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
 Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait;
 Who turn with secret power this restless ball,
 And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall:
 Your sacred aid religious monarchs own;
 When first they merit, then ascend the throne:

* This conspiracy is generally called the Assassination Plot. Sir John Fenwick was executed for being concerned in it.

But

But tyrants dread ye, lest your just decree
Transfer the power, and set the people free :
See rescu'd Britain at your altars bow :
And hear her hymns your happy care avow :
That still her axes and her rods support
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court :
That law with all her pompous terror stands,
To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands ;
And rigid justice reads the fatal word ;
Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
That she can sep'rate parricides from sons ;
That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou, great minister, above the rest
Of guardian Spirits, be thou for ever blest :
Thou, who of old wert sent to Israel's court,
With secret aid great David's strong support ;
To mock the frantick rage of cruel Saul,
And strike the useless javelin to the wall,
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heav'nly shield ;
When power divine did sovereign right declare ;
And cannons mark'd, whom they were bid to spare.

Still, blessed angel, be thy care the same ;
Be William's life untouch'd, as is his fame :
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand ;
Save thou the king, as he has sav'd the land.

We angels forms in pious monarchs view ;
We reverence William ; for he acts like you ;

Like

Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,
He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives;
And still Britannia smiles, and William lives;
The hero dear to earth, by heaven belov'd,
By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd:
His foes must aid to make his fame compleat,
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, though with sudden rage the tempest comes;
Though the winds roar; and though the water foams;
Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
And smiling sees her rebel subject frown:
Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her pow'r:
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat:
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown:
The powers that rescued, shall preserve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,
Behold, the monarch ploughs his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand
Blacken'd with clouds; he sees the nations stand
Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praise, by turns they tell,
And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;

How

How Belgia freed the hero's arm confess'd,
But trembled for the courage which she blest'd,
O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero, and a foe:
By sounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes:
And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your native seats of Night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot ty'd
In brazen knots, and everlasting chains.
(So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains.)
While on the ivory chair in happy state
He sits, secure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death.

T O

C L O E W E E P I N G.

S E E, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
 The world in sympathy with thee.
 The chearful birds no longer sing,
 Each droops his head, and hangs his wing.
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
 And shed their sorrows in a shower.
 The brooks beyond their limits flow;
 And louder murmurs speak their woe.
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares:
 They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
 Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
 Thy heart obdurate against Love.
 Strange tears! whose power can soften all,
 But that dear breast on which they fall.

T O

M. P R I O R.

81

T O
M R. H O W A R D : •

A N

O D E.

I.

D E A R Howard, from the soft assaults of Love,

Poets and painters never are secure;

Can I untouch'd the fair ones passions move?

Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its pow'r?

To

• “ Hugh Howard, better known by these beautiful
“ verses to him, than by his own works, was son of Ralph
“ Howard, doctor of physick, and was born in Dublin,
“ February 7, 1675. His father being driven from Ire-
“ land by the troubles that followed the Revolution,
“ brought the lad to England, who discovering a disposi-
“ tion to the arts and Belles Lettres, was sent to travel in
“ 1697; and, in his way to Italy, passed through Holland
“ in the train of Thomas Earl of Pembroke, one of the
“ plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Ryswick. Mr. Howard
“ proceeded as he had intended, and having visited France
“ and Italy, returned home in October, 1700.

“ Some years he passed in Dublin: the greatest and
“ latter part of his life he spent entirely in England, prac-
“ tising

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought *
 The darling idol of his captive heart ;
 And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,
 To have her charms recorded by his art :

"tising painting, at least with applause; but having in-
 "gratiated himself by his fame and knowledge of lands
 "with men of the first rank, particularly the Duke of
 "Devonshire and Lord Pembroke, and by a parsimonious
 "management of his good fortune, and of what he received
 "with his wife, he was enabled to quit the practical part
 "of his profession for the last twenty years of his life; the
 "former peer having obtained for him the posts of Keeper
 "of the State Papers, and Pay-Master of his Majesty's
 "Palaces. In this pleasing situation he amused himself
 "with forming a large collection of prints, books, and
 "medals, which at his death † (March 27, 1737), he be-
 "queathed to his only brother Robert Howard, Bishop of
 "Elphin, who transported them to Ireland.

"Mr. Howard's picture was drawn by Dahl, very
 "like, and published in Mezzotinto about a year before
 "his death. Howard himself etched from a drawing of
 "Carlo Marati, a head of Padra Resta, the collector,
 "with his spectacles on, turning over a large book of
 "drawings."

† He died in Pall-mall, and was buried at Richmond. Wal-
 pole's Anecdotes, vol. III. 156.

* See Pliny's Natural History, B. 35. C. 10.

III. The

III.

The am'rous master own'd her potent eyes ;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew ;
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprize,
And as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel ?
Great was the rival, and the god severe :
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress ;
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art :
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart.

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain ;
Had I been vested with the monarch's power ;
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain ;
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though to convince thee, that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have sooth'd the flame, I could not heal ;
Giv'n thee the world ; though I with-held the fair.

L O V E D I S A R M E D.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade
 As Cloe half asleep was laid,
 Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
 And in that heav'n desir'd to rest :
 Over her paps his wings he spread :
 Between he found a downy bed,
 And nestled in his little head. }

Still lay the god : the nymph surpriz'd,
 Yet mistress of herself, devis'd,
 How she the vagrant might enthrall,
 And captive him, who captives all.

Her bodice half-way she unlac'd ;
 About his arms she sily cast
 The filken bond, and held him fast. }

The god awak'd ; and thrice in vain
 He strove to break the cruel chain ;
 And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
 Incumber'd in the filken string.

Flutt'ring the god, and weeping said,
 Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
 Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
 And on thy bosom lost his way :

Who

Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell.

Set an unhappy pris'ner free,

Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,

To know or care where Cupid flies;

What are his haunts, or which his way;

Where he would dwell, or whither stray:

Yet will I never set thee free:

For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!

I'll give thee up my bow and dart:

Untangle but this cruel chain,

And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: secure my virgin heart:

Instant give up thy bow and dart:

The chain I'll in return untie;

And freely thou again shalt fly.

Thus she the captive did deliver;

The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disarm'd, e'er since that day

Passes his life in harmless play:

Flies round, or sits upon her breast,

A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day theauteous maid

Governs the world in Cupid's stead;

Directs his arrow as she wills;

Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.

C L O E H U N T I N G.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses ty'd,
 Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
 A-hunting Cloe went: she lost her way,
 And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray:
 Apollo passing by beheld the maid;
 And, sister dear, bright Cynthia turn, he said:
 The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake,
 Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake;
 And, laughing cry'd, learn better, great divine,
 To know thy kindred, and to honour mine,
 Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
 Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know:
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
 Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighb'ring grove,
 Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
 Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
 At the rough boar; or chase the flying deer:
 I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
 At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holy-day, you read
 In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
 Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
 A main, to pass an hour, or so.
 The little Trojan, by the way,
 By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
 'The god unhappily engag'd,
 By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
 Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;
 Lost every earthly thing he betted:
 In ready-money, all the store
 Pick'd up long since from Danae's shower;
 A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
 Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
 His nine-pins made of myrtle wood:
 (The tree in Ida's forest stood)
 His bowl pure gold, the very same
 Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
 Two table-books in shagreen covers;
 Fill'd with good verse from real lovers;
 Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,
 Its matter passionate, yet true;

Heaps of hair rings, and cypher'd seals ;
Rich trifles ; serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets !
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power :
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise : those darts——come, seven's the main,
Cries Ganymede : the usual trick :
Seven, slur a six ; eleven : a nick.

Ill news goes fast : 'twas quickly known,
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew :
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son :
Come hither, firrah : no, begon ;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed ?
A comrade you for Ganymede ?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page ;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy :
A prince's son ? a black-guard boy :
A sharper that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither :
Juno herself has had no peace :
And truly I've been favour'd less :
For Jove, as Fame reports, (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name)

Has

Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.

And thou, unhappy child, she said
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)

Unhappy child, who thus hast lost

All the estate we e'er could boast;

Whither, O whither wilt thou run,

Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?

Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd:

Nor shall thy power in Heaven be own'd;

When thou, nor man, nor god can't wound.

Obedient Cupid kneeling cry'd,

Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide;

Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:

Yet why this great excess of trouble?

The dice were false: the darts are gone;

Yet how are you or I undone?

The loss of these I can supply

With keener shafts from Cloe's eye;

Fear not, we e'er can be disgrac'd,

While that bright magazine shall last;

Your croud'd altars still shall smoke;

And man your friendly aid invoke;

Jove shall again revere your power,

And rise a swan, or fall a shower,

C U P I D M I S T A K E N.

I.

AS after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river;
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too well-guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd;
 O cruel, could'st thou find none other,
 To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy my mistake?
 I took you for your likeness Cloe.

 VENUS MISTAKEN.

I.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus shown;
 Surpriz'd, the goddess took it for her own.
 And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
 When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

II.

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride:
 And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd.
 'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast;
 Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the rest.

P O E M S O F

S O N G.

IF wine and musick have the power,
To ease the sickness of the soul;
Let Phœbus every string explore;
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.
But she to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn;
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state,
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own:
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours:
And all the day be thine alone.

T H E

T H E
D O V E.

—TANTÆNE ANIMIS COELESTIBUS IRÆ? Virg.

I.

IN Virgil's sacred verse we find,
That passion can depress or raise
The heavenly as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil says?

II.

But if they should; what our great master
Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove.
Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
Of having lost her favourite Dove.

III.

In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
But she should have her Dove again.

IV.

Though none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be she not, mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V. With

V.

With that, his longest dart he took,
 As constable would take his staff:
 That gods desire like men to look,
 Would make e'en Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's subaltern, a duteous band,
 Like watchmen round their chief appear:
 Each had his lanthorn in his hand:
 And Venus mask'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager step
 To Cloe's lodging they directed:
 (At once I write, alas! and weep,
 That Cloe is of theft suspected.)

VIII.

Late they set out, had far to go:
 St. Dunstan's as they pass'd, struck one.
 Cloe for reasons good, you know,
 Lives at the sober end o'th'town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
 Like footmen on a visiting day.
 Folks at her house at such an hour!
 Lord! what will all the neighbours say?

X.

The door is open: up they run:
 Nor prayers, nor threats divert their speed:
 Thieves! thieves! cries Susan; we're undone;
 They'll kill my mistress in her bed.

XI. In

XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless Piquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange surprize,
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to disturb the brightest eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw?

XIII.

Have you observ'd a sitting hare,
Listening, and fearful of the storm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would she stay: nor dares she fly.

XV.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then sunk it deep beneath the cloaths.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Susan said,
It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber——
And Susan is no lying maid.

XVII. But

XVII.

But since we have no present need
Of Venus for an episode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe spoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand,
Would it were not my lot to shew ye
This cruel writ, wherein you stand
Indicted by the name of Cloe;

XIX.

For by that secret malice stir'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird,
In which my mother most delighted,

XX.

Her blushing face the lovely maid
Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet,
A rose-tree in a lilly bed,
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet,

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If so, pray come not near—
Fair maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say,
Or do with her, you call your mother?
If I should meet her in my way,
We hardly court'sy to each other.

XXIII. Diana

XXIII.

Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
 Witness that what I speak is true :
 I would not give my paroquet
 For all the Doves that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
 Go freely search where-e'er you please :
 (The rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)
 Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes ; her doors unlocks ;
 Through wardrobe, and through closet bounces ;
 Peeps into every chest and box ;
 Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none ;
 So to the bed returns again :
 And now the maiden, bolder grown,
 Begins to treat him with disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
 Your poultry cannot yet be found :
 Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
 Or may be, in the tea-pot drown'd ?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry love replies,
 He's hid somewhere about your breast ;
 A place, nor god, nor man denies,
 For Venus' Dove the proper nest.

XXIX. Search

XXIX.

Search then, she said, put in your hand,
 And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me:
 As guilty I, or free may stand,
 Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to love can trust;
 He scorns, and breaks all legal power:
 Into her breast his hand he thrust;
 And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do those fingers rove,
 Cries Cloc, treacherous urchin, whither?
 O Venus! I shall find thy Dove,
 Says he; for sure I touch his feather.

XXVII.

XXVIII.

A
L O V E R ' S A N G E R .

AS Cloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began ; where so long could you stay ?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour :
 You promis'd at two ; and (pray look child) 'tis four.
 A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels :
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
 Lord bless me, said she ; let a body but speak :
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck :
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a degree—
 See here ; for you never believe me ; pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made,
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd,
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd ;
 And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN sullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant:
Cupid, your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending against power.

How sullen Jupiter, just now
I think I said: and you'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngster's repartée.

Come kinsman (said the little god)
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower;
And rest yourself for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven:
And you fly fast: and it is but seven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celestial hector—

He

He break my dart, or hurt my power !
He, Leda's swan, and Danae's shower !
Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain ;
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts ? O certainly I'll give 'em :
From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em :
There's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang ! through his very heart and liver ;
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave :
Good lord ! what baffle shall we have !
Neptune must strait be sent to sea ;
And Flora summon'd twice a day :
One must find shells, and t'other flowers,
For cooling grotts, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be serv'd in state :
The Hours must at her toilet wait :
Whilst all the reasoning fools below,
Wonder their watches go too slow,
Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast :
No matter though their cruel haste
Sink cities, and lay forests waste.
No matter though this fleet be lost ;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
What whispering in my mother's ear !
What care, that Juno should not hear !
What work among you scholar gods !
Phœbus must write him am'rous odes :
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose :

Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
 The honour of my mystick reign,
 Shall all his gifts and vows disdain;
 And laugh at your old bully's pain.

Dear couz, said Hermes in a fright,
 For Heaven sake keep your darts: good night.

O N

B E A U T Y.

A

R I D D L E.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this:

Or forfeit me one precious kiss.

'Tis the first off-spring of the Graces: —

Bears different forms in different places;

Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;

Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.

'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;

Pandora's box of good and harm:

'Twas Mar's wish, Endymion's dream;

Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.

This guided Theseus through the maze;

And sent him home with life and praise.

But

But this undid the Phrygian boy ;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This shew'd great kindness to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.
This through the east just vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom ;
This banish'd tyranny from Rome.
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire ;
This set Persepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to spin :
His club laid down, and lion's skin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With servile care, a mortal's sheep.
For this the father of the gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's swan,
For this he reassumes the nod,
(While Semele commands the God)
Launces the bolt, and shakes the poles ;
Though Momus laughs, and Juno scolds,
Here listening Cloe smil'd and said ;
Your riddle is not hard to read :
I guess it—fair one, if you do ;
Need I, alas ! the theme pursue ?
For this thou see'st, for this I leave,
Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,
Ambition, business, friendship, news,
My useful books, and serious Muse.

For this I willingly decline
 The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine;
 And chuse to sit and talk with thee,
 (As thy great orders may decree)
 Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
 Of idle tales, and foolish riddles.

T H E
 Q U E S T I O N,
 T O
 L I S E T T A.

W H A T nymph should I admire, or trust,
 But Cloe, beauteous Cloe, just?
 What nymph should I desire to see,
 But her who leaves the plain for me?
 To whom should I compose the lay,
 But her who listens when I play?
 To whom, in song, repeat my cares,
 But her who in my sorrow shares?
 For whom should I the garland make,
 But her who joys the gift to take,
 And boasts she wears it for my sake?
 In love am I not fully blest?
 Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

L I S E T T A ' S R E P L Y .

SURE Cloe just, and Cloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care :
But when you and she to day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by ;
Which way did you cast your eye ?
But when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring ;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part ?
When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine ?
Simplest of swains ! the world may see,
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me,

}

T H E
G A R L A N D.

I.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lilly fair,
The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf't to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers she wore along the day :
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they lookt more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undrest at evening when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past ;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

V. That

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,
 When from it's lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour: pry' thee tell:
 That falling tear—What does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flowers
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
 And that of beauty are but one:
 At morn both flourish bright and gay,
 Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and fung;
 The amorous youth around her bow'd;
 At night her fatal knell was rung;
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

X.

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

V.

That eye dropp'd like diamond and clear
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from it's lid a pearly tear

YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER TO THE

IV.

WHO OFFERS HER

LOOKING-GLASS

That falling tear—What does it mean?

V E N U S . †

VENUS, take my votive glass;

Since I am not what I was;

What from this day I shall be,

Venus, let me never see the blooming

And that of beauty are but one;

† Taken from an epigram of Plato. (See Rambler,
Number 143: 144: 145: 146: 147: 148: 149: 150: 151: 152: 153: 154: 155: 156: 157: 158: 159: 160: 161: 162: 163: 164: 165: 166: 167: 168: 169: 170: 171: 172: 173: 174: 175: 176: 177: 178: 179: 180: 181: 182: 183: 184: 185: 186: 187: 188: 189: 190: 191: 192: 193: 194: 195: 196: 197: 198: 199: 200: 201: 202: 203: 204: 205: 206: 207: 208: 209: 210: 211: 212: 213: 214: 215: 216: 217: 218: 219: 220: 221: 222: 223: 224: 225: 226: 227: 228: 229: 230: 231: 232: 233: 234: 235: 236: 237: 238: 239: 240: 241: 242: 243: 244: 245: 246: 247: 248: 249: 250: 251: 252: 253: 254: 255: 256: 257: 258: 259: 260: 261: 262: 263: 264: 265: 266: 267: 268: 269: 270: 271: 272: 273: 274: 275: 276: 277: 278: 279: 280: 281: 282: 283: 284: 285: 286: 287: 288: 289: 290: 291: 292: 293: 294: 295: 296: 297: 298: 299: 300: 301: 302: 303: 304: 305: 306: 307: 308: 309: 310: 311: 312: 313: 314: 315: 316: 317: 318: 319: 320: 321: 322: 323: 324: 325: 326: 327: 328: 329: 330: 331: 332: 333: 334: 335: 336: 337: 338: 339: 340: 341: 342: 343: 344: 345: 346: 347: 348: 349: 350: 351: 352: 353: 354: 355: 356: 357: 358: 359: 360: 361: 362: 363: 364: 365: 366: 367: 368: 369: 370: 371: 372: 373: 374: 375: 376: 377: 378: 379: 380: 381: 382: 383: 384: 385: 386: 387: 388: 389: 390: 391: 392: 393: 394: 395: 396: 397: 398: 399: 400: 401: 402: 403: 404: 405: 406: 407: 408: 409: 410: 411: 412: 413: 414: 415: 416: 417: 418: 419: 420: 421: 422: 423: 424: 425: 426: 427: 428: 429: 430: 431: 432: 433: 434: 435: 436: 437: 438: 439: 440: 441: 442: 443: 444: 445: 446: 447: 448: 449: 450: 451: 452: 453: 454: 455: 456: 457: 458: 459: 460: 461: 462: 463: 464: 465: 466: 467: 468: 469: 470: 471: 472: 473: 474: 475: 476: 477: 478: 479: 480: 481: 482: 483: 484: 485: 486: 487: 488: 489: 490: 491: 492: 493: 494: 495: 496: 497: 498: 499: 500: 501: 502: 503: 504: 505: 506: 507: 508: 509: 510: 511: 512: 513: 514: 515: 516: 517: 518: 519: 520: 521: 522: 523: 524: 525: 526: 527: 528: 529: 530: 531: 532: 533: 534: 535: 536: 537: 538: 539: 540: 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C L O E J E A L O U S.

I.

FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep;

Vext Cloe to her shepherd said;

'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep

Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?

Your subtle questions, and replies;

Emblems, to teach a female wit

The ways, where changing Cupid flies.

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearse

The general power that beauty has:

But why did no peculiar verse

Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV.

The glass, which was at Venus' shrine,

With such mysterious sorrow laid:

The garland (and you call it mine)

Which show'd how youth and beauty fade.

V.

Ten thousand trifles light as these,

Nor can my rage, nor anger move:.

She should be humble, who would please;

And she must suffer, who can love.

VI. When

VI.

When in my glafs I chanc'd to look ;
 Of Venus what did I implore ?
 That every grace which thence I took,
 Should know to charm my Damcn more.

VII.

Reading thy verfe ; who heeds, faid I,
 If here or there his glances flew ?
 O free for ever be his eye,
 Whofe heart to me is always true.

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flower
 Of beauty quickly loft its pride ;
 For fever'd from its native bower,
 It on thy glowing bofom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might prefage,
 Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth ;
 Love I efteem'd more ftrong than age,
 And time lefs permanent than truth,

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know :
 Fall uncontroul'd my tears, and free :
 O Damon, 'tis the only woe,
 I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The fecret wound with which I bleed
 Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearfe :
 But on my tomb-ftone thou fhalt read
 My anfwer to thy dubious verfe.

A N.

M. P R I O R.

III

A N S W E R
T O
C L O E J E A L O U S,
I N T H E S A M E S T I L E.

T H E
A U T H O R S I C K.

I.

Y E S, fairest proof of Beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we must part.

II.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear;
Left yet my half-clos'd eye may view,
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From Jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed:
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

IV. Yet

IV.

Yet when some better-fated youth
 Shall with his amorous parly move thee;
 Reflect one moment on his truth
 Who dying thus, persists to love thee.

A

B E T T E R A N S W E R.

I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face;
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
 Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaf says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world,

II.

How can'st thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping,

III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong;
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit;
 Od's life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

IV. What

IV.

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shews
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art :
 I court others in verse ; but I love thee in prose :
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

V.

The god of us verse-men (you know child) the sun,
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest :
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run :
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day ;
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come :
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way : *
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war ;
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia agree :
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

* My heart with her but, as guest wife sojourn'd,
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There to remain. —

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3. S. 2.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

A N

E P I G R A M.

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
 And beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
 When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:
 Yield, sister; rival, yield: naked, you see,
 I vanquish: guess how potent I should be;
 If to the field I came in armour dress'd;
 Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest.
 The warrior goddess with disdain reply'd;
 Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
 Let a brave enemy for once advise,
 And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise.
 Thou to be strong must put off every dress:
 Thy only armour is thy nakedness;
 And more than once, (or thou art much bely'd)
 By Mars himself that armour has been try'd.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

T A L E.

FROM public noise and factious strife,
 From all the busy ills of life,
 Take me, my Celia, to thy breast;
 And lull my wearied soul to rest.
 For ever, in this humble cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
 None enter else, but Love — and he
 Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
 To painted roofs, and shining spires
 (Uneasy seats of high desires)
 Let the unthinking many croud,
 That dare be covetous and proud:
 In golden bondage let them wait,
 And barter happiness for state;
 But Oh! my Celia, when thy swain
 Desires to see a court again;

May

May Heaven around this destin'd head
The choicest of its curses shed:

To sum up all the rage of Fate,

In the two things I dread and hate;

May'st thou be false, and I be great.

Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,

Fond Celadon his soul express;

While with delight the lovely maid

Received the vows, she thus repaid:

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,

Blest miracle of love and truth!

All that could e'er be counted mine,

My love and life, long since are thine:

A real joy I never knew;

'Till I believ'd thy passion true:

A real grief I ne'er can find;

'Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.

Contempt, and poverty, and care,

All we abhor, and all we fear,

Blest with thy presence, I can bear.

Through waters, and through flames I'll go,

Sufferer and solace of thy woe:

Trace me some yet unheard-of way,

That I thy ardour may repay;

And make my constant passion known,

By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear

The stamp and image of my dear;

I'd pierce my heart through every vein,

And die to let it out again,

No:

No: Venus shall my witness be,
 (If Venus ever lov'd like me)
 That for one hour I would not quit
 My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
 To be the Persian monarch's bride,
 Part'ner of all his power and pride;
 Or rule in regal state above,
 Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.

O HAPPY THESE OF HUMAN RACE!
 But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
 He thank'd her on his bended knee;
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
 And leaving her ador'd embrace,
 Hasten'd to court to beg a place.
 While she, his absence to bemoan,
 The very moment he was gone,
 Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed!
 Where all this time he had been hid.

M O R A L.

W HILE men have these ambitious fancies;
 And wanton wenches read romances;
 Our sex will—What? out with it. Lye;
 And theirs in equal strains reply.

The moral of the tale I sing
 (A posy for a wedding ring)
 In this short verse will be confin'd :
 Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danæ, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
 The reason of the thing is clear ;
 Would Jove the naked truth aver :
 Cupid was with him of the party ;
 And shew'd himself sincere and hearty :
 For, give that whipster but his errand ;
 He takes my Lord Chief Justice' warrant ;
 Dauntless as death away he walks ;
 Breaks the doors open ; snaps the locks ;
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study ;
 Nor stops 'till he has Culprit's body.

Since

Since this has been authentic truth,
 By age deliver'd down to youth;
 Tell us, mistaken husband tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
 Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar
 Make us less curious, her less fair?
 The spy, which does this treasure keep,
 Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep?
 Does she to no excess incline?
 Does she fly musick, mirth, and wine?
 Or have not gold and flattery power,
 To purchase one unguarded hour?
 Your care does farther yet extend;
 That spy is guarded by your friend. —
 But has this friend nor eye, nor heart?
 May he not feel the cruel dart,
 Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
 May he not, with too tender zeal,
 Give the fair pris'ner cause to see,
 How much he wishes, she were free?
 May he not craftily infer
 The rules of friendship too severe,
 Which chain him to a hated trust;
 Which make him wretched, to be just?
 And may not she, this darling she,
 Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
 Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
 Allow this logic to be good?

K. 2

Sir,

Sir, will your questions never end?
 I trust to neither spy nor friend.
 In short, I keep her from the sight
 Of every human face.—She'll write,
 From pen and paper she's debar'd.—
 Has she a bodkin and a card?
 She'll prick her mind.—She will you say:
 But how shall she that mind convey?
 I keep her in one room: I lock it:
 The key (look here) is in this pocket.
 The key-hole, is that left? most certainly
 She'll thrust her letter through—Sir Martin.

Dear angry friend, what must be done?

Is there no way?—There is but one;
 Send her abroad; and let her see,
 That all this mingled mass, which she
 Being forbidden longs to know,
 Is a dull farce, an empty show,
 Powder, and pocket-glass, and bead;
 A staple of romance and lies,
 False tears, and real perjuries:
 Where sighs and looks are bought and sold;
 And love is made but to be told;
 Where the fat bawd, and lavish heir
 The spoils of ruin'd beauty share:
 And youth seduced from friends and fame,
 Must give up age to want and shame,
 Let her behold the frantic scene,
 The women wretched, false the men:

And

And when, these certain ills to shun,
 She would to thy embraces run;
 Receive her with extended arms:
 Seem more delighted with her charms:
 Wait on her to the park and play:
 Put on good humour; make her gay:
 Be to her virtues very kind;
 Be to her faults a little blind;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd:
 And clap your PADLOCK—on her mind.

H A N S C A R V E L,

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
 Married a lass of London mould:
 Handsome? enough; extremely gay:
 Lov'd music, company, and play:
 High flights she had, and wit at will:
 And so her tongue lay seldom still;
 For in all visits who but she.
 To argue, or to repartée?

She made it plain, that human passion
 Was order'd by predestination;

That if weak women went astray,
 Their stars were more in fault than they;
 Whole tragedies she had by heart;
 Entered into Roxana's part:
 To triumph in her rival's blood,
 The action certainly was good.
 How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
 Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
 She pitied Berterton in age,
 That ridicul'd the god-like rage.

She, first of all the town, was told,
 Where newest India things were sold:
 So in a morning, without bodice,
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
 To cheapen tea, to buy a screen:
 What else could so much virtue mean?
 For to prevent the least reproach,
 Betty went with her in the coach.

But when no very great affair
 Excited her peculiar care;
 She without fail was wak'd at ten;
 Drank chocolate, then slept again:
 At twelve she rose; with much ado
 Her cloaths were huddled on by two;
 Then, does my lady dine at home?
 Yes sure;—but is the Colonel come?
 Next, how to spend the afternoon,
 And not come home again too soon;
 The Change, the City, or the Play,
 As each was proper for the day:

A turn

A turn in summer to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durst not blame.
At first he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life:
Told her, how transient beauty was;
That all must die, and flesh was grass:
He bought her sermons, psalms and graces;
And doubled down the useful places.
But still the weight of worldly care
Allowed her little time for prayer:
And Cleopatra* was read o'er,
While Scot †, and Wake ‡, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's self,
Stood unmolested on the shelf.
An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.
In short, the trade was still the same:
The dame went out, the colonel came.

* Cleopatra is a novel much read by the ladies in the last century.

† Dr. John Scot, rector of St. Giles in the Fields, and Author of the Christian Life, in 5 vols.

‡ Dr. William Wake, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury,

What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd;
 Another battery must be try'd:
 What if to spells I had recourse?
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.
 The end must justify the means:
 He only sins who ill intends:
 Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
 'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

Forthwith the devil did appear
 (For name him and he's always near)
 Not in the shape in which he plies
 At Mifs's elbow when she lies;
 Or stands before the nursery doors,
 To take the naughty boy that roars;
 But without sawcer eye or claw,
 Like a grave barrister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
 The devil says; I bring relief.
 Relief, says Hans: pray let me crave
 Your name, Sir,—Satan—Sir, your slave;
 I did not look upon your feet:
 You'll pardon me:—Ay now I see't:
 And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
 Our friends there, did you leave them well?
 All well; but pr'ythee, honest Hans,
 (Says Satan) leave your complaisance:
 The truth is this: I cannot stay
 Flaring in sun-shine all the day:
 For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites,
 Love more the fresco of the nights;

And

And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end:
Go then this evening, master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care;
Whilst I the great receipt prepare:—
To night I'll bring it, by my faith;
Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the devil to a tittle;
Invited friends some half a dozen,
The colonel and my lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were sung; and healths went round;
Barbadoes waters for the close:
'Till Hans had fairly got his dose:
The colonel toasted to the best:
The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest:
The chimes went twelve: the guests withdrew:
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carry'd off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My lady was disturb'd: new sorrow!
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.

Hans

Hans fast asleep, as soon as laid;
 The duty of the night unpaid:
 The waking dame, with thoughts oppress'd,
 That made her hate both him and rest:
 By such a husband, such a wife!
 'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:
 The lady sigh'd: the lover snor'd:
 The punctual devil kept his word:
 Appear'd to honest Hans again:
 But not at all by madam seen:
 And giving him a magic ring,
 Fit for the finger of a king;
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
 And wear it long for Satan's sake:
 'Twill do your business to a hair:
 For, long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over Lincoln,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.
 Hans took the ring with joy extream;
 (All this was only in a dream)
 And, thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done, he cry'd: I've gain'd my point.—
 What point, said she, you ugly beast?
 You neither give me joy nor rest:
 'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear?
 You've thrust your finger G—d knows where,

D U T C H P R O V E R B.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin;
Says wise professor Vander Brün.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year: and I must pay the cost.
This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipsy knows her power, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wisdom, Vander Brün.

PAULO PURGANTI

AND

HIS WIFE

AND

HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod
deceat: quod cogitatione magis à virtute potest quàm
re-separari. Cic. de Off. L. 2.

BEYOND the fixed and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better sort should set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes 'em not only just, but bright;
And sets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame,
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face:
May justly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault;

Yet

Yet, if the colouring be not there,
 The Titian stroke, the Guido air;
 To nicest judgment show the piece;
 At best 'twill only not displease:
 It would not gain on Jersey's eye:
 Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind
 The action may be well design'd;
 Guided by law, and bound by duty;
 Yet want this *Je ne sçay quoi* of beauty:
 And though it's error may be such,
 As * Knags and Burges cannot hit;
 It yet may feel the nicer touch
 Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.

What is this talk? replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end?
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown.—
 With all my heart,—for once; read on.
 An honest, but a simple pair
 (And twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this Thesis clear.

A Doctor of great skill and fame,
 Paulo Purganti was his name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
 No woman led a better life:

* Two divines. Knags was Lecturer of St. Giles in
 the Fields; Burges a Dissenter.

She

She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted ;
 She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted ;
 And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
 'Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On married men, that dar'd be bad,
 She thought no mercy should be had ;
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
 Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede.—
 In short, all lewdness she defy'd :
 And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the dame
 Was a great lover of that fame ;
 And could from scripture take her cue,
 That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
 Between the gay and the severe,
 That if in some regards she chose
 To curb poor Paulo in too close ;
 In others she relaxed again,
 And govern'd with a looser reign.

Thus though she strictly did confine
 The doctor from excess of wine :
 With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
 She let him almost burst his belly :
 Thus drying coffee was deny'd :
 But chocolate that loss supply'd :
 And for tobacco (who could bear it)
 Filthy concomitant of claret !
 (Blest revolution !) one might see
 Eringo roots, and bohea tea.

She

She often set the doctor's band,
 And stroak'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand:
 Kindly complain'd, that after noon
 He went to pore on books too soon:
 She held it wholesomer by much,
 To rest a little on the couch:—
 About his waist in bed a-nights
 She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

The Doctor understood the call;
 But had not always wherewithal,
 The lion's skin too short, you know,
 (As Plutarch's Morals finely show)
 Was lengthened by the fox's tail:
 And art supplies, where strength may fail,

Unwilling then, in arms to meet
 The enemy he could not beat;
 He strove to lengthen the campaign,
 And save his forces by chicane.
 Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
 By fair retreat grew Maximus,
 Shows us, that all the warrior can do
 With force inferior, is CUNCTANDO.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
 With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
 Our don, who knew this tittle tattle
 Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle:
 Thought it extremely *à propos*,
 To ward against the coming blow:
 To ward: but how? Ay, there's the question;
 Fierce the assault, unarmed the bastion.

The

The doctor feign'd a strange surprize :
 He felt her pulse ; he view'd her eyes ;
 That beat too fast : these rowl'd too quick :
 She was, he said, or would be sick :
 He judg'd it absolutely good,
 That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
 Spaw waters for that end were got :
 If they past easily or not,
 What matters it ? the lady's fever
 Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,
 (Blackmore * and Hans† are of my mind,)
 If once it youthful blood infects,
 And chiefly of the female sex ;
 Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion ;
 Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckless night then, as in bed
 The doctor and the dame were laid ;
 Again this cruel fever came,
 High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
 What measures shall poor Paulo keep

With madam in this piteous taking ?
 She, like Macbeth, has murdered sleep,
 And won't allow him rest though waking.
 Sad state of matters ! when we dare
 Nor ask for peace, nor offer war ;

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† Sir Edward Hannes.

Nor Livy nor Comines have shown,
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and Pacis.

He strove, alas ! but strove in vain,
By dint of logick to maintain,
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from Eve.

He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists ; and ran ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan *.

As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, and close her eye ;
Telling her, rest would do her good ;
If any thing in nature could :

So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of their calling :
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wandering song :
A tale should never be too long.

The more he talked, the more, she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toft, and groan'd, and turn'd !
At last, I wish, said she, my dear——
(And whisper'd something in his ear.)

* John Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progress.

You wish ! wish on, the doctor cries :
 Lord ! when will womankind be wise ?
 What, in your waters ? are you mad ?
 Why poison is not half so bad.
 I'll do it—but I give you warning :
 You'll dye before to-morrow morning.—
 'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise ;
 The lady with a sigh replies !
 But life you know, at best is pain :
 And death is what we should disdain.
 So do it therefore, and adieu :
 For I will die for love of you.—
 Let wanton wives by death be scar'd :
 But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

T H E
L A D L E.

THE scepticks think, 'twas long ago,
 Since gods came down *incognito* :
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose :
 That since they gave things their beginning ;
 And set this whirligig a spinning ;
 Supine they in their Heaven remain,
 Exempt from passion, and from pain.

And

And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and shuffle for ourselves :
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As matter, and as motion jumble.

The poets now, and painters hold
This Thesis both absurd and bold :
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day :
Else all these things we toil so hard in,
Would not avail one single farthing :
For, when the hero we rehearse,
To grace his actions and our verse ;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought ;
Iris descends by Fate's commands,
To guide his steps through foreign lands :
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quick sands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch ;
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He shews not half his force and strength,
Strutting in armour, and at length :
That he may take his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger :
The nymphs conduct him to the field :
One holds his sword, and one his shield :
Mars standing by asserts his quarrel :
And Fame flies after with a lawrel,

These points, I say, of speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)

Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute :
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,
 With equal arms sustains the fight ;
 'Till now no umpire can agree 'em :
 So both draw off and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *equilibrio*,
 If deities descend or no ?
 Then let the affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my tale :
 For by all parties 'tis confest,
 That those opinions are the best,
 Which in their nature most conduce
 To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
 One Mercury, the t'other Jove :
 The humour was (it seems) to know,
 If all the favours they bestow,
 Could from our own Perverseness ease us ;
 And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discourfing largely on this theme,
 O'er hills and dales their godships came ;
 'Till, well nigh tir'd and almost night,
 They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
 That in disguise a god or goddess
 Exerts no supernat'ral powers ;
 But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spy'd at last a country farm,
 Where all was snug, and clean, and warm ;

For woods before and hills behind
 Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
 Large oxen in the fields were lowing
 Good grain was sow'd: good fruit was growing:
 Of last year's corn in barns great store;
 Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
 And wealth (in short) with peace consented,
 That people here should live contented;
 But did they in effect do so?
 Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
 To years declin'd from prime of life,
 Had struggled with the marriage noose;
 As almost every couple does:
 Sometimes, my plague! sometimes, my darling!
 Kissing to day, to-morrow snarling;
 Jointly submitting to endure
 That evil, which admits no cure.
 Our gods the outward gates unbarr'd:
 Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
 Thought they were folks that lost their way,
 And ask'd them civilly to stay:
 Told 'em, for supper, or for bed
 They might go on, and be worse sped.

So said, so done: the gods consent:
 All three into the parlour went.
 They compliment; they sit; they chat;
 Fight o'er the wars; reform the state;
 A thousand knotty points they clear;
 Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame:
 Obsequious Hermes did the same.
 Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say
 He did—but in an honest way:
 Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
 With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.—
 Well then, things handsomely were served;
 My mistress for the strangers carved,
 How strong the beer, how good the meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In epic sumptuous would appear;
 Yet shall be pass'd in silence here:
 For I should grieve to have it said,
 That by a fine description led,
 I made my episode too long,
 Or tired my friend, to grace my song.
 The grace-cup served the cloth away,
 Jove thought it time to shew his play;
 Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
 Folly and jesting laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good cheer receive,
 Is mighty grateful to your betters,
 And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
 To give this Thesis plainer proof,
 You have to-night beneath your roof
 A pair of gods: (nay never wonder)
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
 I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious.

Form

Form then three wishes, you and madam ;
 And sure, as you already had 'em,
 The things desir'd in half an hour,
 Shall all be here, and in your power.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says :
 Oh ! may your altars ever blaze !
 A ladle for our silver dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish.—
 A ladle ! cries the man, a ladle !
 'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill ;
 What should be great, you turn to farce ;
 I wish the ladle in your a—.

With equal grief and shame my Muse
 The sequel of the tale pursues ;
 The ladle fell into the room,
 And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
 Our couple weep two wishes past,
 And kindly join to form the last ;
 To ease the woman's aukward pain,
 And get the ladle out again,

M O R A L.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
 Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts :
 His head aches for a coronet :
 And who is bless'd that is not great ?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven
 To this well-lotted peer has given :

What then? he must have rule and sway
And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum;
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty, SOMETHING still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel SOMETHING unpossess'd
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

WRIT.

WRITTEN AT PARIS. MDCC.

IN THE BEGINNING OF
ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe ;
When or on post-horse, or in chaise,
With much expence, and little ease,
My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Pō or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own ;
Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable ;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire, or want ;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres :
This number sure they may allow :
For pasture ten, and ten for plow ;
'Tis all that I would wish, or hope,
For me and John, and Nell, and Crop.

Then,

Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not Fortune spoil the Jest)
To those, who at the market-rate
Can barter honour for estate.

Now if thou grant'st me my request,
To make thy votary truly blest,
Let curst Revenge, and faucy pride
To some bleak rock far off be ty'd;
Nor e'er approach my rural seat,
To tempt me to be base and great.

And, Goddess, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her son,
(Where-ever else she lets him rove)
To shun my house, my field, my grove:
Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.

Hear, gracious Rhea, what I say:
And thy petitioner shall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING

M E Z E R A Y ' S

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III. It

HI.

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
 That, down from Pharamond to Louïs,
 All covet life, yet call it pain:
 And feel the ill, yet shun the cure:
 Can sense this paradox endure?
 Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

IV.

The man in graver tragick known
 (Though his best part long since was done)
 Still on the stage desires to tarry:
 And he who play'd the Harlequin,
 After the jest still loads the scene
 Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE

NOUVEAUX INTERETS

D E S

PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
 For pompous names, or wide dominion;
 Since by their error we are taught,
 That happiness is but opinion.

ADRI.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS

A D

A N I M A M S U A M.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
 Hospes, comesque corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
 Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & dieu sçache où tu vas
 Tu pars seulette, nuë, & tremblotante, hélas!
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

I M L.

 I M I T A T E D.

POOR little, pretty, fluttering thing,
 Must we no longer live together?
 And dost thou prune thy trembling wing;
 To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
 Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly
 Lies all neglected, all forgot:
 And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what,

A PASSAGE IN THE
 MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS

I M I T A T E D.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy state,
 See settled Reason on the judgment seat;
 Around her croud Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,
 And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care:
 Far from the throne, the trembling Pleasures stand,
 Chain'd up, or exil'd by her stern command.

Wretched

Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the queen;
'Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene:
And apish Folly with her wild resort
Of wit and jest disturbs the solemn court.

See the fantastic minstrelsy advance,
To breathe the song, and animate the dance,
Blest the usurper! happy the surprize!
Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes:
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear:
And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
Against our judgment she our sense employs:
The laws of troubled Reason she destroys:
And in her place rejoices to indite
Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight.

T O

D R. S H E R L O C K, *

O N H I S

P R A C T I C A L D I S C O U R S E

C O N C E R N I N G D E A T H.

FORGIVE the Muse, who in unhallow'd strains
 The Saint one moment from his God detains :
 For sure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,
 'Tis all but one good work, one constant prayer :
 Forgive her ; and intreat that God, to whom
 Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
 To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
 Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Wond'rous good man ! whose labours may repel
 The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell :
 Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent
 The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

* Dr. William Sherlock, master of the Temple ; father
 of Dr. Thomas Sherlock, late Bishop of London.

The

The Youth shall study, and no more engage
 Their flattering wishes for uncertain age ;
 No more with fruitless care, and cheated strife,
 Chase fleeting Pleasure through this maze of life :
 Finding the wretched all they here can have,
 But present food, and but a future grave :
 Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
 This abject world, and weeping, ask a new.
 Decrepid Age shall read thee, and confess,
 Thy labours can assuage, where medicines cease :
 Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief,
 The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life :
 Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath :
 Own riches gather'd, trouble ; fame a breath ;
 And Life an ill, whose only cure is Death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
 Their sense untutor'd Infancy may know :
 Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
 Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught :
 Easy in words, thy style in sense sublime,
 On it's blest steps each age and sex may rise ;
 'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
 It's foot on earth, it's height above the skies,
 Diffus'd it's virtue, boundless is it's power :
 'Tis publick health, and universal cure :
 Of heavenly Manna, 'tis a second feast ;
 A nation's food, and all to every taste.

To it's last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd,
 And various death for various crimes she fear'd.

With your kind work her drooping hopes revive :
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live :
 You wrest the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand ;
 Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O ! save us still : still blest us with thy stay :
 O ! want thy Heaven, 'till we have learnt the way
 Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon :
 And for the church's good, defer thy own.
 O ! live ; and let thy works urge our belief
 Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life ;
 'Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
 Grow ripe in years, and old in piety ;
 'Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full age, and hoary holiness,
 Retire, great teacher ! to thy promis'd bliss :
 Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,
 As thy own fame among the future just ;
 'Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks :
 'Till Judgment calls ; and quicken'd Nature wakes :
 'Till through the utmost earth, and deepest sea,
 Our scatter'd Atoms find their destin'd way,
 In haste to cloath their kindred souls again,
 Perfect our state, and build immortal man :
 Then fearless thou, who well sustain'st the fight,
 To paths of joy, or tracts of endless light,
 Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd :
 'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd, be receiv'd ;
 And glad all Heaven with millions thou hast sav'd.

C A R M E N S E C U L A R E,

FOR THE YEAR MDCC.

T O T H E K I N G.

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæc'lo :
 O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
 Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !

Virg. Eclog. 4.

I.

TH Y elder look, great Janus, cast
 Into the long records of ages past :
 Review the years in fairest action drest
 With noted white, superior to the rest ;
 Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
 From empires founded, and from battles won ;
 Show all the spoils by valiant kings atchiev'd ;
 And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd,
 The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
 And happy power sustain'd by wholesome laws :
 In comely rank call every merit forth :
 Imprint on every act it's standard worth ;
 The glorious parallels then downward bring
 To modern wonders, and to Britain's king :

M 2

With

With equal justice and historic care,
 Their laws, their toils, their arms with his compare:
 Confess the various attributes of fame
 Collected and compleat in William's name:
 To all the listening world relate,
 (As thou dost his story read),
 That nothing went before so great,
 And nothing greater can succeed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
 Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
 The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth
 From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
 Then turn to her fair written page;
 From dawning childhood to establish'd age,
 The glories of her empire trace:
 Confront the heroes of thy Roman race:
 And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,
 And spread his empire o'er the distant plains:
 But yet the Sabines violated charms
 Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms.
 Numa the rights of strict religion knew;
 On every altar laid the incense due;
 Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
 Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
 Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
 Holding his Fasces stained with filial blood.

Fabius

Fabius was wise, but with excess of care
He sav'd his country; but prolong'd the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their strict examples taught,
How wild desires should be controul'd,
And how much brighter virtue was, than gold:
They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide;
And boasted poverty with too much pride.
Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd:
And Cato dying, seem to own, he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell, e'er the dictator rose.
And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

VI.

With justest honour be their merits dress'd;
But be their failings too confess:
Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
Rolling, it's course design'd the country's good.
But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed
From the low earth tore some polluting weed:
And with the blood of Jove there always ran,
Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the scale:
Valour grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
Did the true charms of majesty impair;
Rome by degrees advancing more in age,
Shew'd sad remains of what had once been fair;
Till

'Till Heaven a better race of men supplies :
And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond, and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic strain ;
Experienced chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the first William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets, and Tudors bring ;
Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose,
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes :
With happy laws her empire to sustain ;
And with full power assert her ambient main.
But sometimes too industrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conquest trample over right ;
Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
And dreaded both when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace,
The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty ;
The chief still dying, or the country free.
Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the loins of Beau ;
Through Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,
From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine,
Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds that rul'd the rugged north ;

'Till.

'Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are shown;
 'Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne;
 And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
 Be kind: and, as thy searching eye
 Does our modern story trace
 Finding some of Stuart's race
 Unhappy, pass their annals by:
 No harsh reflection let remembrance raise:
 Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise;
 But as thou dwell'st upon that heavenly * name,
 To grief for ever sacred, as to fame,
 Oh! read it to thy self; in silence weep;
 And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep;
 Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound;
 And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither would'st thou further look?
 Read William's acts, and close the ample book:
 Peruse the wonders of his dawning life:
 How, like Alcides, he began;
 With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,
 And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
 By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms:

* Mary.

When conqu'ring, mild; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd;

By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd:

Superior to the blind events;

Of little human accidents;

And constant to his first decree,

To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free;

To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant knee.

XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring;

And see the hero perfect in the king:

Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,

And power supreme by free consent obey'd;

With how much haste his mercy meets his foes;

And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;

With what desire he makes his subjects bless'd,

His favours granted ere his throne address'd:

What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,

By arts of peace more potent, than by wars:

How o'er himself, as o'er the world, he reigns,

His morals strengthening, what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already spun,

Becoming grace and proper action run:

The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,

Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault;

No footsteps of the victor's rage

Left in the camp where William did engage:

No

No tincture of the monarch's pride
 Upon the royal purple spy'd:
 His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
 The more shall it's intrinsick worth proclaim;
 Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
 For ever coming out the same,
 And losing not it's lustre nor it's weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William just;
 To faithful history his actions trust:
 Command her, with peculiar care
 To trace each toil, and comment every war:
 His saving wonders bid her write
 In characters distinctly bright;
 That each revolving age may read
 The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed;
 And still the fire inculcate to his son
 Transmissive lessons of the king's renown;
 That William's glory still may live;
 When all that present art can give,
 The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
 Mouldering, drop the victor's praise:
 When the great monuments of his power
 Shall now be visible no more:
 When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood;
 And children ask, where Namur stood.

XIV. Namur,

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
 How she contain'd the approaching foe:
 'Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
 And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
 Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
 Guided the hero to the hostile towers.
 Perseus seem'd less swift in war,
 When, wing'd with speed, he flew through air.
 Embattled nations strive in vain
 The hero's glory to restrain:
 Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with
 fire
 In vain against his force conspire.
 Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
 And lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
 The hero from the height beheld:
 He spake the word, that war and rage should cease:
 He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow;
 And dictated a lasting peace
 To the rejoicing world below.
 To rescu'd states, and vindicated crowns
 His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds;
 Ordin'd, whom every province should obey;
 How far each monarch should extend his sway:
 Taught 'em how Clemency made power rever'd;
 And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.

Firm

Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,
 Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good;
 His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
 Than those which all his numerous crowns reflect:
 Establish'd Freedom clap'd her joyful Wings;
 Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muse aspire
 With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
 Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
 Created by too great a thought:
 Mindless of the god and day,
 I from thy altars, Janus, stray,
 From thee, and from my self born far away.

The fiery Pegasus disdains

To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins:
 When glorious fields and opening camps lie views;
 He runs with an unbounded loose:
 Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse;
 Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous
 force;

With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring;
 While she through earth and air pursues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore;
 Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore,
 Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
 And with wise silence pondering vengeful wars,

She through the raging ocean now
 Views him advancing his auspicious prow;

Com-

Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
 Sighing the moments that defer our ease;
 Daring to wield the scepter's dangerous weight,
 And taking the command, to save the state;
 Though e'er the doubtful gift can be secur'd,
 New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps, she sounds alarms,
 And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
 In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme;
 And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce stream.
 She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
 To tell old Ocean how the Hero past.
 The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
 Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
 The humblest victor, and the kindest king.
 Albion with open triumph would receive
 Her hero, nor obtains his leave:
 Firm he rejects the altars she would raise;
 And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
 Again she follows him through Belgia's land,
 And countries often sav'd by William's hand;
 Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,
 Which free'd the people but return'd the spoils.
 In various views she tries her constant theme;
 Finds him in councils, and in arms the same:
 When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
 Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave,

XX. Sudden

XX.

Sudden another scene employs her fight;
 She sets her Hero in another light:
 Paints his great mind superior to success,
 Declining conquest, to establish peace;
 She brings Astrea down to earth again,
 And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary wing the Goddess soars;
 East over Danube and Propontis' shores;
 Where jarring empires ready to engage,
 Retard their armies, and suspend their rage;
 'Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,
 If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.
 How sacred his renown for equal laws,
 To whom the world defers its common cause!
 How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
 Whom every nation courts, whom all religions trust!

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the Northern sea,
 The goddess wings her desperate way;
 Sees the young Muscovite*, the mighty head,
 Whose sovereign terror forty nations dread,
 Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,
 And passing half the earth to his embrace:
 She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
 O'er precipices with impetuous sway
 Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid course,
 Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.

* Peter the great.

But her own king she likens to his Thames,
 With gentle course devolving fruitful streams:
 Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
 Swift without violence, without terror great.
 Each ardent nymph the rising current craves;
 Each shepherd's prayer retards the parting waves:
 The vales along the bank their sweets disclose:
 Fresh flowers for ever rise: and fruitful harvest grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous goddess go?
 Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below?
 Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast,
 And fields, where mad Bellerophon was lost?
 Or is her towering flight reclaim'd,
 By seas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?
 Vain is the call, and useless the advice:
 To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,
 Yet upwards she incessant flies;
 Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
 And tell great Jove, she sings his image here;
 To ask for William an olympic crown,
 To Chromius' strength, and Theron's speed unknown:
 'Till, lost in trackless fields of shining day,
 Unable to discern the way,
 Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before;
 She, from the noble precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
 Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
 The song too daring, and the theme too great!

Yet

Yet rather thus she wills to die,
 Than in continu'd annals live, to sing
 A second hero, or a vulgar king;
 And with ignoble safety fly
 In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

XXIV.

To Janus' Altars, and the numerous throng,
 That round his mystic temple press,
 For William's life, and Albion's peace,
 Ambitious Muse reduce the roving song.
 Janus, cast thy forward eye
 Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb;
 Where young ideas brooding lie,
 And tender images of things to come:
 'Till by thy high commands releas'd,
 'Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
 In decent order they advance to light;
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight;
 And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph born,
 Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
 Nor trophies brought from battles won,
 Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown
 Can any future honours give,
 To the victorious monarch's name:
 The plenitude of William's fame
 Can no accumulated stores receive.
 Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,
 And make us happy, as our king is great.

Be

Be kind, and with a milder hand,
 Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
 (Though noble, 'twas an iron page)
 A more delightful leaf expand,
 Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:
 Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
 By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd;
 Teach the glad hours to scatter as they fly,
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy:
 Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
 From Saturn's rule, and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand;
 Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
 From adverse shores in safety let her hear
 Foreign calamity, and distant war;
 Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear!
 Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale,
 And as she wills, let either part prevail:
 Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn:
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn:
 Around her coast let strong defence be spread:
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed:
 And heavenly sweets bloom round the goddess'
 head.

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand.
 Remains of * Wolfey's, or great Henry's hand,

To

* Whitehall, once belonging to the Archbishop of York.
 It was taken from Cardinal Wolfey by Henry the 8th,
 who

To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame ;
 Let a young Phenix raise her towering head ;
 Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread ;
 And by her greatness shew her builder's fame :
 August and open, as the hero's mind,
 Be her capacious courts design'd :
 Let every sacred pillar bear
 Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
 The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,
 His shoulder bleeding fresh : and at his feet
 Disarm'd shall lie the threatening Death :
 (For so was saving Jove's decree compleat.)
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield
 Sav'd Europe in the blow repell'd :
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed ;
 Boyne shall raise his laurell'd head ;
 And his immortal stream be known,
 Artfully waving through the wounded stone.

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd,
 With all the monarch's trophies charg'd :
 Thou, the fair Heaven, that dost the stars inclose,
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
 On the great champions who support his throne,
 And virtues nearest to his own.

who made great improvements therein, and converted it into a royal palace. In 1698 the whole of it, except the Banqueting House, was destroyed by fire, and hath not since been rebuilt.

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'st the mystic string,
 That makes the knight companion to the king.
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
 Bowing before thy fainted warrior's shrine,
 Fast by his great forefather's coats, and shields
 Blazon'd from Bohun's, or from Butler's line,
 He hangs his arms; nor fears those arms should shine
 With an unequal ray; or that his deed

With paler glory should recede,
 Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the same
 Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

XXX.

Thou smiling see'st great Dorset's worth confess,
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast:
 Born to protect and love, to help and please;
 Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace,
 O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
 Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt,
 Which the great patron only would forget,
 And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
 Asserting legal power, and just command:
 To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
 The father's star transmissive to the son.
 From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
 Inform'd, their sire's immortal steps shall trace:

Happy, may their sons receive
 The bright reward, which thou alone can'st give.

XXXII. And

XXXII.

And if a God these lucky numbers guide;
 If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside;
 Jersey, beloved by all (for all must feel
 The influence of a form and mind,
 Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
 Like mingl'd streams, more forcible when join'd)
 Jersey shall at thy altars stand;
 Shall there receive the azure band,
 That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
 Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
 Be our great master's future charge;
 To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
 High schemes of government, and plans of wars;
 By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
 To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise;
 To lead them out from ease ere opening dawn,
 Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
 Where the fleet stag employs the ardent care,
 And chases give them images of war.
 To teach them vigilance by false alarms;
 Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
 Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
 Mocking the foe; now to his rapid speed
 To give the reign, and in the full career,
 To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his subjects hearts,
 Planting societies for peaceful arts;
 Some that in nature shall true knowledge found;
 And by experiment make precept sound;
 Some that to morals shall recall the age,
 And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage;
 Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
 And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech:
 That from our writers distant realms may know,
 The thanks we to our monarch owe;
 And schools profess our tongue through every land,
 That has invoc'd his aid, or blest his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high power the drooping Muses rear,
 The Muses only can reward his care:
 'Tis they that give the great Atrides spoils;
 'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils:
 To them by smiling Jove 'twas given, to save
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;
 To them, great William's glory to recall,
 When statues moulder, and when arches fall.
 Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride,
 The sources of their treasure hide:
 The Heroe's virtue does the string inspire,
 When with big joy they strike the living lyre:
 On William's fame their fate depends:
 With him the song begins: with him it ends.

From

From this bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the lasting lamp they feed,
Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
Returning loaden with the shining stores,
Which lie profuse on either India's shores.
As our high vessels pass their watery way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,

Confessing the asserted power,
To whom by fate 'twas given, with happy sway
To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard, our masters' fleets shall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indies to explore,
In words unknown to plant Britannia's power;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms, and arts, in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear
The listening people shall his story hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;

Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
 And form their children's accents to his name,
 Enquiring how, and when from Heaven he came. }

Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide
 Their little lusts of arbitrary pride, }

Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd :
 When William's virtues raise their opening thought;
 His forty years for public freedom fought,

Europe by his hand sustain'd,
 His conquest by his piety restrain'd, }

And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore }

Ideas of destructive power,
 Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour : }

New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
 And fill their temples with a stranger's praise ;

When the great father's character they find

Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind ;

And own a present Deity confess'd,

In valour that preserv'd, and power that blest.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure sky

(For thither nature casts our common eye)

Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light :

And comets march with lawless horror bright :

These hear no rule, no righteous order own ;

Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown :

Through threaten'd lands they wild destruction throw,

'Till ardent prayer averts the publick woe:

But

But the bright orb that blesses all above,
 The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
 Rules not his actions by capricious will;
 Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill:
 Fix'd by just laws he goes for ever right:
 Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

XLL

O Janus! would intreated Fate conspire
 To grant what Britain's wishes could require;
 Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
 Ere William cease to rule, and bless below:
 But a relentless destiny
 Urges all that e'er was born:
 Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
 The demi-god: the earthly half must die.
 Yet if our incense can your wrath remove;
 If human prayers avail on minds above;
 Exert, great God, thy interest in the sky;
 Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity;
 That conquer'd by the public vow,
 They bear the dismal mischief far away:
 O! long as utmost nature may allow,
 Let them retard the threaten'd day!
 Still be our master's life thy happy care:
 Still let his blessings with his years increase:
 To his laborious youth consum'd in war,
 Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
 Let twisted olive bind those laurels fast,
 Whose verdure must for ever last!

XLII.

Long let this growing æra bless his sway :
And let our sons his present rule obey :
On his sure virtue long let earth rely :
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the hero through his father's sky,
To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed,
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the steed ;
To Hercules, at length absolv'd by Fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great ;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,
Sire of the Latian, and the British throne :
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove.
Late, Janus, let the Nassau-star
New-born, in rising majesty appear,
To triumph over vanquish'd night,
And guide the prosperous mariner
With everlasting beams of friendly light,

C A R M E N S E C U L A R E,

LATINE REDDITUM

P E R T H O. D I B B E N,

E T R I N. C O L L. C A N T.

— Ego dis amicum,

Seculo festas referente luces,

Reddidi Carmen —

H O R.

JANE Bifrons, priscos à tergo respice lapsi
 Annales ævi, felicesque ordine longo
 Evolvās fastos, quos cætera tempora supra
 Conspicuos albo, sec'lis mōnumenta futuris
 Urbes fundatæ, & parti posuere triumphī.
 Aggredere insignes spoliis, lauroque decoros
 Enumerare duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
 Impulit ulcisci populum; qui sacra cruore
 Jura patrum sanxere suo; sceptrisve potiti
 Miserunt lætum placidis sub legibus orbem.

Agmine perpetuo series ornata laborum
 Proceat; suus omnis honos, sua debita quemque
 Laus inscripta notet: tum nostra ad tempora casus
 Insignes ducas, famamque & facta parentum
 Mirac'lis oppone novis, regique Britanno.

Dumque

Dumque fide, curaque pari per singula curris ;
 Dum varios recolis populos, variosque labores ;
 Et studia, & leges, pugnataque proelia seris
 Temporibus mandas ; tute ipse fatebere, Jane,
 Omnium in Auriaco cumulari nomine famam :
 Et dices orbi attonito ; nil sæcula tale
 Prima tulère hominum, nil majus postera reddent.

Vertice sublimi surgat, tua maxima cura,
 Bello et pace potens Latium : fortissima corda,
 Egregios rerum dominos dabat Itala tellus,
 Felix prole virum ; fœcundam hanc aspice gentem,
 Romanosque tuos ; huc vertere, & altiùs omnem
 Nascentis primâ repetens ab origine regni
 Expedias famam ; pulchro in certamine pubem
 Oppone Aufoniam ; & cedat sua palma merenti.

Si potuit ferro Latii turbare colonos,
 Palantes Mavorte satus, si rustica latè
 Regna domare armis ; raptæ sine more Sabinæ
 Surgenti famæ, cœptisque ingentibus obstant.
 Sacra deum, sanctasque aras, & templa tueri
 Cura Numam subiit : sed frigida dextera bello,
 Non hastam torquere sciens, enseque rotare
 Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementum.
 Consiliis, esto, Fabii romana vigeant
 Arma : at res omnes gelidè tardèque ministrans,
 Dilator nimum sapiens ingrata trahebat
 Bella. Quid immani patrem pietate cruentum
 Ultorem Brutum referam, fortesque sub armis
 Æmilium, Decium, Curium ? Tot magna animorum

Nos

Nos exempla monent, quâ possit lege libido
Frænari, & quantum cedat virtutibus aurum :
Hos quoque sed nimiùm gaudens popularibus auris,
Hos rapit ambitio, tumidoque superbia fastu
Ostentans humilesque casus, parvosque penates.
Sit quanquam illustris, primos inglorius annos
Scipiades egit : nec mens invicta Catonis,
Semper erat, tunc falsa metum, vel visa fateri,
Cum cessit fato, & lucem indignata refugit.
Julius externos frustra domat, omnia Romæ
Subjiciens, Romamque sibi ; surgitque triumphans
Afflictos cives super, oppressumque senatum.
Imperium lene Augustus, patriamque subactam
Mollia vinc'la pati jussit : sed vincula passa est,
Purpureum cultu insolito venerata tyrannum.

Fas veterum laudes justis celebrare triumphis :
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre sub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magnâ sese impete versat
Vivida vis animi, patrii ceu Tybridis unda,
Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquæ fons ;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit se turbidus amnis ;
Et limo castas obsceno polluit undas :
Diis quanquam geniti, atque invicti viribus essent,
Mortalem infecto fassi sunt sanguine matrem.

Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus Ætas
Degenerare ausa est : rumpit vinc'la omnia miles
Acer, acerba fremens ; majestatemque verendam
Effrænis violat rabies : jam segnior annis
Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma ;

Heu !

Heu ! vix agnosces veteris vestigia formæ :
 Donec gens divum, nati venientibus annis,
 Heroùm novus ordo datur, nova lumina surgunt;
 Hesperioque dies melior procedit Olympo.

Aspice ut insignis spoliis Pharamondus opimis
 Ingreditur, Magnusque aquilis qui lilia junxit
 Carolus; inde alii, quos Gallica terra triumphis
 Dives alit, genus acre virum, spectataque bello
 Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet imago:
 Sanguineæ en ! lauri, victriciaque arma Wilhelmi
 Normanni: viden' externis quanta intonet oris
 Teudorum manus armipotens, & nomina magna,
 Plantagenum metuenda domus? quid plurima virtus
 Amborum potuit, te, victrix Anglia, testor,
 Quam labor heroùm imperio maria omnia circum
 Afferuit, fundansque armis & legibus ornans:
 Felix, si nunquam regnandi dira cupido
 Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
 Egisset, patriæque in viscera verterè vires:
 Illa afflicta sedet, variis incerta triumphis,
 Cui det colla Jugo, quem sit passura tyrannum.

Quo Desideri soboles, quò Cæsar Adolphus,
 Nassoviique alii rapiunt, celeberrima proles?
 Omnes illustres, omnes in utrumque parati,
 Aut patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere morti.
 Hos juxta Auriacus pleno fluit agmine sanguis,
 Immortale genus: primusque en ! Martius auctor
 Corniger: inde heros qui Bello à corpore nomen
 Optinuit; nosco crines, frontemque venustum

Fran-

Francigenæ juvenis; domus hinc Chalonia mixta est
Nassoviis; sedes que novas, Rhenumque bicornem
Inde petit, linquens Rhodanum, ripamque sonantem.

Jamque Stuartiadum series longissima regum
Emicat. Illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat
Effrænem populum, et duris regna horrida glebis:
Donec fata Deûm, & lustris labentibus ætas
Scotorum manibus transcribi sceptrâ jubebant
Anglica; feceruntque omnes uno ore Britannos.

Atque hîc, magne deus, cûm res scrutabere nostras,
Sis bonus O! passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti
Si quid fortè tibi occurat de gente Stuartûm
Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata minores)
Pro patriâ, obtestor, pro majestate Britanni
Imperii, nihil ingratum, nihil acre dolores
Obductos vulgare finas: preme, Jane, tenebris,
Quæ laudare nequis; teque ad meliora reserves.
Utque erit ad * Nomen ventum, quod flebile semper,
Semper honoratum (sic, Dii, voluistis) habemus;
Supprime singultus, submissâ & voce dolores
Hos compesce, tuo ne docta Britannia luctu
Ire iterûm in lachrymas, iterûm gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; stilletque cruore recenti
Æternûm crudele patens sub pectore vulnus.

Quò jam raptus abis? Nassovi, Jane, labores
Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude volu-
men.

* Maria.

En!

En ! infans victor, nutu dum temperat iras
 Turbati populi ; jacet en Tirynthius alter ;
 Ardentefque hostes, & sibila colla tumentes
 Sternit ; & in cunis infans se vindicat heros.

En ! quantis tollit se rebus firmior ætas ?
 Quales primitiæ Juvenis, bellique ferocis
 Dura rudimenta, & primis nova gloria in armis ?
 Sublimis Marte adverso, Mitisque secundo,
 Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile fatum
 Subjecit pedibus : non mens elata triumphis,
 Non depressa malis ; sed in omnia pectus honestum
 Fertur idem, fatis contraria fata rependens.
 Dum curas hominum, dum spes contemnit inanes,
 Fortunæque vices cæcas ; quocunque cadat res,
 Hoc animo fixum sedet, æternumque sedebit,
 “ Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.”

En ! totum heroem, maturum, et sceptrâ tenentem
 Contemplantur virum : en ! ut justâ fulminet irâ
 Terrarum egregius vindex ; placidusque volentes
 Per populos det jura ; infesto & leniat hosti
 Pectora flexanimus victor ; mitisque jacentum
 Dat vitam lachrymis ! quo pectora fida suorum
 Amplecti studio properat ? quàm totus in illis ?
 Quàm curas pater indulgens descendit in omnes ?
 Nec regem pudet officio certare priorem.
 Hâc arte, O bellis ingens, ingentior almâ
 Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
 Assueta imperiis : longos hâc arte triumphos,

Maximè

Maxime victor, agis, cùm teque, animosque tuorum,
Pacatumque regas æquis virtutibus orbem.

Per varias vitæque vices, operumque colores
Idem cautus honos, metuens et gratia culpæ,
Puraque simplicitas totâ descripta tabellâ
Effulget; constansque sibi servatur ad imum.
Victoris castra ingrederis? certamina nulla
Cum victis, belli nulla horrida signa cruenti
Apparent infixæ agris: non militis ardor
Turbavit pectus; nec purpura picta superbos
Induxit regum fastus: sed fama peric'lo
Explorata (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum)
Emicat innocuo: frustra Vulcania pestis,
Circùm immanè fremit: contemptorique minatur
Flamma suo: cæco contrâ dominata furori
Ardens spectatur virtus, pondusque nitoremque
Illæsum servans; & amico vivit in igne.

Unum, Jane, oro (quando nos nostraque mortis
Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la Wilhelmi
Exuperare, virumque finas volitare per ora;
Ut nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis,
Virtutem ex illo moniti, pulchrumque laborem
Cognoscant, & sancta procul vestigia adorent.
Exoriare aliquis, regis qui gesta Britanni,
Fataque fortunasque docens, moresque manusque
(Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
Aûsis, et serum producere nomen in ævum:
Cùm statuæ, multo cùm victum tempore marmor,
Æraque labentur; cùm bello sævior omni

Invi-

Invidiosa dies famæ monumenta Britannæ
 Delebit; tardis cùm Sabis flexibus ibit
 Per terras mutata novas; serique nepotes
 Quærent, quâ stabant immania saxa Namurcæ.

En! urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit astris
 Ambitiosa caput; toties quæ pertulit omnem
 Irrisi nubem belli: sed non ita sensit
 Armatos Britonas; non irrita tela Wilhelmi
 Experta est; vastis dum victor turribus instans,
 Cum populo, & signis victricibus, & magnis Diis,
 Fundamenta quatit: mortaliaque agmina frustra
 Contra Nassovium atque Jovem, contrâque Miner-
 vam

Tela tenent: medio discrimine cædis & ignis,
 Ceu Perseus per aperta volans, arduus arces,
 Oppositas scandit; frustrâque objecta retardant
 Flumina, flammæque globi, scopulique minaces.
 En! tandem summis insultans arcibus heros,
 Atque Angli juxtâ, fulgentia signa, leones.

Et jam finis erat: cùm victor vertice ab alto
 Despexit Gallum attonitum, & tum libera vinc'lo
 Littoraque, & latos populos; pacemque silenti
 Indulfit felicem orbi: longè audiit æther,
 Et terræ, & fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis
 Mosa; ferusque suas Rhenus compescuit iras.
 Continuo leges æternoque fœdera certis
 Imposuit manus æqua locis; quam singula metam,
 Et quem quæque ferat dominum, quem quæque re-
 cuset

Gens,

Gens, semel edixit; mirantemque admonet orbem,
Quantus amor populi, quanta & reverentia mitem
Prosequitur regem: comes indivisus amico,
Adstat Honos lateri: supra caput explicat alas
Libertas firmata novas; pulchræque sorores,
Et Virtus & Fama, pari discrimine certant,
Utrum ornare magis regemne, virumne deceret.

Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quis me per opaca
viarum

Ire furor suadet? quos Musa assurgit in ausus?
Dum vatis furias Thebani concipit ignes
O si conciperet similes!) te, Jane, relinquit,
Teque, arasque tuas, ut cœlum & sydera tentet;
Demens! quæ nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
Pindaricum simulare ausa est. Da, Jane, furenti,
Da veniam Musæ, sua quam rapit ampla volentem
Materia; & tollit volvens sub naribus ignem
Pegasus ardua in astra; neque fudit anhelus habenas.
Cum latos campos, immensumque aspicit æquor,
Expatiat equus; vix hæret Musa frementi;
Nec scit, quâ sit iter; nec si sciat, imperet illi,
Saxa per, & scopulos, & depressas convalles
Insequitur regem; tellusque sub ungue tonanti
Icta gemit; reboant sylvæque, & magnus olympus.

Nunc casus musa antiquos, annosque reducit
Præteritos, patriisque virum meditatur in arvis.
Hic Britonum motus curâ, lachrymisque suorum,
Consilium vultu tegit; & secum ante peractum
Belli & regnorum volvit sub pectore fatum:

Et mox armatas hyberno fydere classes
 Molitur; contrâque iras cœlique, marisque
 Impavidus grande urget iter: tum sanguine multo
 Tutandas Anglorum arces, oblataque regna
 Occupat; amisso fluitantem errare magistro
 Sensit; et ipse ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
 Jamque alias hinc in Lachrymas, alia horrida bella,
 Per desolatæ regna infelicia Iernes
 Diva virum sequitur; fluctusque irrumpit in altos
 Bovindæ bello undantis; tum Naidas ad se
 Impatiens trepidas vocat; hortaturque sorores
 Maturare fugam, quantusque emerferat heros,
 Oceano narrare patri: vanum ille timorem
 Ridet; eamque Manum victis agnoscit in undis,
 Imperio dignam pelagi, sævoque tridente.

Hinc pleno Britonum victor subit ostia velo
 Stans celsâ in puppi: pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
 Effusique patres resonantia littora circum
 Sacra canunt reduci: sed reppulit ille molestum
 Officium; poscitque animos, laudesque recusat.
 Mox charos iterum Belgas, sedesque suorum,
 Et patriam, & toties raptos ex hoste penates
 Hospes adit: varii populi, diversaque signa,
 Externique duces omnes socia arma ferentes
 Communem celebrare ducem; quàm tardus ad iram.
 Quam placidus victor, fortunatusque laborum
 Securus palmæ, dum prædam rejicit heros!

Nunc versæ scenæ discedunt: altera rerum
 Nunc surgit facies: aliâ sub luce videri

Heros

Heros grandis amat ; successuque altior ipso
Innumeris belli spoliis, partisque trophæis
Pacem lætus emit : jam Virgo reddita terras
Pacatas visit ; jamque aurea tempora circum
Felices secura quatit Concordia pennas.

Mox ad Danubium, raucaeque Propontidis undam,
Eoasque plagas alis audacibus ardens
Musa volat ; lethi quæ jam discrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubrè minantes :
Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,
Compressâ belli rabie, suspensa tenentur ;
Donec consilia ingentis spectata Wilhelmi
Ostendant, pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quæ regio in terris, ubi regis fœdera sancta,
Aut leges placidæ ignotæ ? qua regna per orbem
(Qualemcumq; fidem, dominum quemcumq; fatentur)
Communem Auriaco dubitent submittere causam ?

Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, montesque nivales
Urget diva viam ; quæ Moscoviticus altum
Fulminat ad Tanaïm Cæsar ; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis juvenis dat gentibus unus :
Hic tamen, hic Cæsar perculsus nomine regis
Majoris, non legatis, neque dulce ministris
Officium impatiens cessit ; se, se ipse, suumque
Objecit caput, infidi maris omnia vincens
Tædia, dimidiumque orbis post terga relinquens,
Tangeret ut sanctam, per quam stetit Anglia, dextram.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnûmque fluentem
Cernere erat Volgam ; multâ cui spumens undâ,

Saxosumque sonans, obstantia pondera torrens
 Aut secum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
 Sed nostrum, sed Musa suum tibi, Tame, tuisque
 Rivis assimulat regem : non amnis abundans,
 Sed plenus per opima virum fortem absque furore
 Fundit aquam, tardoque procul languore serenam :
 Quoscunque O ! Britonum lambis pulcherrimus agros.
 Omnia ibi ridere facis : tibi candida Naïs
 Purpureas inter violas, & suavè rubentes
 Vota facit resoluta rosas : te lentus in umbrâ
 Labentem expectat pastor : te mollia prata,
 Te sitiunt croceis halantes floribus horti.

Quò feror ? unde abii ? Tuque, audacissima Musa,
 Quò peritura ruis ? si formidabile littus,
 Si Lycios temnas saltus, fataliaque arva,
 Bellerophontæi quæ signavère furores :
 I, sequere infidos ventos, nova nomina lapsu
 Subjectis positura undis : ea surda monenti
 Ardet in astra magis ; perque inconcessa diei
 Luxurians spatia æterni, petit intima divum
 Sacra, Jovem, similemque Jovis dictura Wilhelmum :
 Indefessa illi maturos poscit honores :
 Illi ut Olympiæ referantur præmia palmæ,
 Quam velox Theron, quam vastis viribus ingens
 Sperabat nunquam Chromius : Musam illius ergo
 Per nitidos orbis lucis, camposque patentes,
 Dulcis raptat amor : juvat explorare priorum
 Curæ iter ignotum : sed inextricabilis error,
 Et cæcæ ambages, quas una resolvere virtus

Naf-

Nassovii novit, securam, & vana tumentem
Exuperant longè divam; jamque æthere toto
Præcipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis instar
Fertur; & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
O cœptum sublime! infelix exitus ausi
Nobilis! O Musa, & vires pro nomine tanto
Exiguæ! sed sic potiùs cecidisse juvabit
Audentem, quàm venâ humili inferiora secutam
Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.

Nunc ad te, & tua sacra, pater, turbamque sonantem
(Matres atque viros) quæ circum plurima clausas
Fusa fores, pacem Britonum, vitamque Wilhelmi
Ardens implorat, nunc ambitiosa vagantes
Musa modos revocet: tuque O! qua sæcula fronte
Jane vides ventura, Rheæ genetricis in alvum
Descendas, partûs ubi semina prima futuri,
Et teneræ species, simulachraque carcere clauso
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes, & rerum sumere formas.
Tum tua vox, divine autor, tua cæca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; justis emissæ figuris
Dum vestit junctura decens & amabilis ordo.
Sed nimium brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
Transit: & æternam repetunt nascentia noctem.

Non de navali surgentes ære triumphî,
Captivi currus, ereptaque ab hoste trophæa:
Non civilis honos quercûs, non umbra coronæ
Muralis, laurique novum decus addere regi
Angliaco possunt; satis illum conscia virtus,

Gestaque sublimem tollunt: ad sydera raptim
 Vi propriâ nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostrâ,
 Nunc ergò, ut populus felix cum rege potenti
 Fortunis paribus furgat; compagibus arctis
 Claudantur belli portæ: & jam, mystice custos,
 Mitior O! jam, dive, precor, melioribus orbis
 Auspiciis, aliosque Dies, aliumque tenorem
 Tandem habeat, jubeas: hic ferrea definat Ætas
 (Magna, esto, sed ferrea erat) fassusque metallum
 Pulchrius, annorum se gratior explicet ordo.
 Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit agrestes;
 At secura quies, at mollis somnus, amores
 Jucundi, suavesque joci cum dulcibus horis
 Perpetuum ducant orbem: hoc à cardine rerum
 Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menses:
 Atque his flava Ceres, his formosissima Flora
 Aspiret; surgataque novo gens aurea sec'lo.
 Immunis belli, dextræque innixa Wilhelmi
 Terra Britanna sui sedeat: spectetque ruinas,
 Et cladem, & Lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura est,
 Externas; iræque hominum miseretur inanis,
 Illa inter motas fatum immutabile gentes
 Dispenset; vincantque illæ quas vincere mavult,
 Sic noto celsos tuti sub matribus agni
 Balatu implebunt colles: sic vallibus imis,
 Irriguos amnes inter, seges aurea in altum
 Surget; & ipse suas mirabitur Anglia messes;
 Delicias diva æternas dum pectore pleno
 Fundet; & ambrosios spirabit vertice odores,

Aulâi

Aulâi antiquæ cæcis exorta ruinis
(Quâ *Turres Albas*, veterum penetralia regum
Wolfei fabricata manu, Henricique labores,
Cernere erat) juvenile caput phœnicis ad instar
Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
Auspiciis; & quæ fuerit minùs obvia flammis,
Alta, angusta, ingens, dominoque simillima magno,
Pandat se veneranda domus: captiva columnæ
Arma ferant sacræ, belli monumenta cruenti,
Spiculaque clypeosque atque horrida sanguine signa:
Stabunt & parii lapides, mediusque Wilhelmus
En spirans: humerusque recens à vulnere vivis
Rorabit guttis: metuens pro vindice mundi
A tergo apparet Genius, capitique minacem
Avertit mortem: jacet illa innoxias, inermis
(Nam sic consuluit Jovis indulgentia terris)
Intrepidi ante pedis heroïs. Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, viridi Bovinda reclinans
Lectò, habeas, imo senior de gurgite visus
Lauriferum quassare caput: saxum evomit undas;
Æternique cadunt cæso de marmore rivi.

Tuque O! qua famæ servas monumenta Britannæ,
Regis opus, regumque decus, cape dona tuorum,
Inclyta Winforiæ turris. Tu, Stellifer æther,
Signa geris, quibus ipse suum & delecta suorum
Pectora distinguit, divisque accedere jussit
Nassovius, proprioque pater decoravit honore.

Tu circum Ormondi robustum mystica nectens
Vinc'la genu, potuisti equitem socium addere regi:

Redditus his victor terris, spoliisque potitus,
 Suppliciter venerans divi sub Militis aram
 Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta parentum,
 Botleros inter, victriciaqua arma Bohuni
 Ipse suum clypeum, suaque æmula signa superbis
 Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor hæres
 Nominis aut proavum dubitans extendere famam:
 Utcunque illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
 Attulit Offoridæ mater Nassovia genti.

Sacvilli tu, diva, latus, tu lumine pectus
 Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi
 Conjurant artes; labor unus & una voluptas,
 Tollere depressos, & sustentare jacentes.
 Hos brevis informet fragilis dum spiritus artus,
 Indictus nunquam nostris Sacvillus abibit
 Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
 Officium capitis: munus quia maximus ille
 Confert; collatique olim meminisse recusat.

Jura fidemque patrum, libertatemque Cavendos
 Afferere audentes, tuus amplo vestit honore
 Diva, favor: stabit longum fortuna per ævum
 Alta domus; patrioque nitebunt sydere nati,
 Per te Sanctmauri, per te Talbotia proles,
 Felices ambo, vestigia magna parentum
 Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile dum tu
 Serves, nomine erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima musæ,
 O decus, O nostrum, cui pulchro in corpore virtus
 Emicat, & sincera fides, & gratia morum,
 Has Jersæ, (preces valeant si vatis amici,

Si

Si deus hoc carmen, deus hoc inspiret Apollo)
Has tanges aras: hinc cingula sacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia famæ
Villeriis sueta, & tibi non indebita sumes.

Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
Heroa Angliacum, mirantem annalibus orbem
Exornare suis, serosque docere nepotes
Imperii arcana, & magna exemplaria belli.
Hinc, ut virtutem dociles, verumque laborem
Cognoscant, laudisque animi accendantur amore;
Regis ad exemplum portis se prima juvenus
Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
Per saltus gelidumque nemus, præruptaque saxa,
Nunc cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, quâ fictum buccina signum
Bellica dat, grave martis opus, sub imagine lusûs.
Paulatim ex tanto assuescat tolerare magistro:
Et nunc altus eques spatiis magna atria circum
Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris equi; nunc torto verberare pronus
Dat lora, & medio fervens in pulvere, strictum
Aut ensen quatit, aut certam jacet impiger hastam.

Pacis amans, studiisque favens, socia agmina jungant
Sancta corona senum, exemplis monitura minores,
Qui virtutis honos, & quid sapientia possit.
Hos rerum juvet obscuros penetrare recessus,
Et varias causas, naturæ arcana modestæ,
Indiciis aperire novis clarisque repertis.
Illos degeneri audentes succurrere sec'lo,

Cura

Cura gravis maneat morum, & labor Hercule dignus,
Exonerare repletum immondâ sorde Theatrum.
Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba
Ad leges fixas revocent, veneresque decoras;
Ut latè Angliacis instructa annalibus orbis
Gaudet, ad nostram resonet gens singula linguam,
Vindicis ante pedes quæcunque effusa Britanni,
Miserat aut oppressa preces, aut libera grates.

Neglectum in primis carmen, Musamque jacentem
Tollat amica manus: nam respondere labori
Musa pio novit, regisque rependere amores.
Illa patrum cineres sanctos, venerandaque busta
Vulgari secernit humo, famamque silenti
Vindicat à tumulo: per Musam notus Ulysses
Spirat adhuc; coramque virum jam cernere fas est:
Musæ Agamemnonias palmas, semperque recentes
Conservare datur lauros: eadem illa Wilhelmi
(Cum statua, solidoque arcus de marmore ficti
Dencient) longo nomen sacrum asseret ævo.
Haud verò par officium, partesque premamus
Ingrati alternas; cum nil sine Cæsare pulchrum,
Nil altum Musæ labor inchoat: altera junctam
Alterius sic poscit opem, & conjurat amicè.
Igneus hinc numeris vigor, & cœlestis origo;
Hinc effulgentes æternâ luce Camænæ.
Informi cedente situ, tenebrisque fugatis,
Invida squalentis vincent oblivia noctis.

Securos Britonum commercia libera portus
Omni ex parte petent; totum demissa per orbem
Pulchrior

Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori & vellere dives
Annua dona feret; spoliisque redibit onusta,
Indiam in Europam portans, gazamque nitentem,
Quæ diffusa jacet, quæ sol utrumque recurrens
Aspicit oceanum. Quasunque Britannica pinus
Ingreditur sublimis a quas, submittat honores
Navita quisque suos: puppesque insigne superbum
Inclinent, fassæ, quem Tethys omnibus undis
Elegit, dominum; quem vasto immobile fatum
Destinat imperio, terræque marique potentem.

Audivère preces divi: jamque Anglica classis,
Quæ dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundum
Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora visens,
Ignotumque suis mittens sub legibus orbem.
Alter tum Ganges, atque altera quæ feret aurum
India Nassovio cedit: populi que feroces
Arma, artes, moresque scient, nomenque Wilhelmi.

Suppliciter venerans, demisso lumine stabit
Agmen agreste virum; miramque loquentis ab ore
Historiam eripiens, nunc famam & fata Wilhelmi,
Vulnera, sudorem, palmasque, peric'laque discet,
Quæ quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc quantus in armis,
Qualis in hoste fuit, quos bello & pace triumphos
Erexit: matres, ut cælo decedit heros,
Tum natis referent: & vox, quam proferet infans
Prima Wilhelmus erit; tenebris inhonesta tyranni
Indecores capita abscondent, tum dira suorum
Supplicia, indignos genitus, justasque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cum conscia fama, pudorque
Provocat

Provocat ad meliora animos; cùm bella Wilhelmi,
 Bella quaterdenos læsis pro gentibus annos
 Confecta audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
 (Majus opus) partos felici pace triumphos.

Non dehinc hos miseros mysteria dira docebit
 Barbara religio: nulla horrida numina finget
 Vana superstitio, divùmque immania monstra;
 Nassovii virtus cùm se mirantibus offert,
 Præsentem confecta deum; cùm signa decoris
 Divini, æternæque patent vestigia mentis
 Heröis descripta animis, & vindice dextrâ.

Scilicet horrendi justâ sine lege cometæ
 Incertam lucem quatiunt, & crine minaces
 Sanguineo lugubrè rubent, tristesque trementi
 Indicunt iras orbi; nisi publica vota
 Avertant lævum miseris mortalibus omen.
 At verò justis mundum qui temperat horis,
 Vera Jovis proles, cœlo purissimus ignis,
 Non errore vago, cæcaque libidine fertur;
 Certus iter fixum peragit: cursusque diurnos
 Observant homines, & sanctum sydus adorant.

O Jane, O! divùm si flectere fata liceret;
 Si parca Anglorum precibus mitescere scirent;
 Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere cœlum,
 Quàm Rex Nassovius terræ se subtrahet orbæ
 Addendus superis: sed inexorabile numen
 Omne premit mortale: aderit, volventibus annis,
 Dira futura dies, & ineluctabile tempus,
 Cùm pars semidei mœsto materna sepulchro

Condetur;

Condetur; dominusque suis plorabitur absens.
At vos, O divi, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor, æterni, quorum hæc sub numine tellus,
Tuque, O sancte, tuis, Bifrons, cœlestia firma
Pectora consiliis; sociique per æthera divi.
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, tecumque Britannam
Conjurent fervare domum: communibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul omine tristem,
Dii, removete diem; multosque benigniùs annos
Accumulate sacro capiti: da, Jane, senectam
Immunem curis, placidâque quiete potitam:
Sat bello Europæque datum est: fati arma juvenus
Sensit: & ingentes testatur terra triumphos.
Canitiem novus ornet honos; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter lauros affurgat Oliva.

En! hujus, Jane, auspiciis nascentia longum
Sec'la habeant omen pacis; lætique nepotes
Seros jucundis agitent sub legibus annos;
Anta ferat quàm cœlo animam Jovis armiger alto,
Nobile onus, patrioque heros poscatur olympo;
Ambo ubi Ledæi, ceu qui pedes ibat in hostem,
Ceu luctantis equi spumantia qui regit ora;
Magnus ubi Alcides fato, & Junonis iniquæ
Sævis ereptus jussis; ubi grande Maronis
Argumentum, auctor Latii, regnique Britanni,
Otia agunt: ubi tot radiantia nomina toto
Æthere nota satis, quos omnes æquus amavit
Jupiter, & meritis homines donavimus aris:
Serò, Jane pater, cœlo decus adde patenti
Nassovium sydus, quod amicâ luce coruscum
Fulgeat, & dubiis ostendat littora nautis.

A N

O D E.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

HONORABLE COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,*

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, IN THE
COUNTRY OF FRIULI, MDCCIII.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE 28. LIB. 1.

Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Menforem cohibent, archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)
 Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
 That anxious thou from pole to pole didst fail;

* Colonel George Villiers was in the marine service. When this accident happened to him he was accompanied by William Courtenay, Esq; son of Sir William Courtenay, a captain in his regiment, and both shared the same fate. They had been out on an excursion to see the country.

Ere

Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
 To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
 What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
 In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?
 To wake ere morning dawn to loud alarms,
 And march 'till close of night in heavy arms;
 To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
 And search through every clime thy country's foes!
 That thou might'st Fortune to thy side engage;
 That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
 To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.

Our term of life depends not on our deed:

Before our birth our funeral was decreed.

Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,

Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;

Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Hol-
 ben's dance.

Alike must every state, and every age

Sustain the universal tyrant's rage:

For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,

Could or repel, or pacify his arms:

Young Churchill * fell, as life began to bloom:

And Bradford's † trembling age expects the tomb.

* John Churchill, Marquis of Blandford, only son of John Duke of Marlborough by Sarah his dutchess. He died 16 March 1702, aged 16, and was buried at King's College chapel, Cambridge.

† Francis Newport Earl of Bradford. He died 19 September 1703.

Wisdom

Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head :
 Judges of writings and of men have dy'd ;
 Mecænas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde :
 And in their various turns their sons must tread
 Those gloomy journeys, which their fires have led.

The ancient sage , who did so long maintain,
 That bodies die, but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
 And modern Afsyll *, whose capricious thought
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,

* John Afsyll, Esq; a lawyer of some eminence, but more remarkable for the very extraordinary publication here alluded to. He was a member of the English parliament for Bramber in Sussex. In the year 1700 he published a treatise, entitled, " An argument proving that according to the covenant of eternal life revealed in the scriptures, man may be translated hence into that eternal life without passing through death, although the human nature of Christ himself could not be thus translated till he had passed through death." Being involved in many perplexing law suits, and much reduced in his circumstances, the House of Commons made this pamphlet a pretence for expelling him in September 1707. His affairs afterwards continued to grow worse, and he passed the remainder of his life in the rules of the King's Bench or Fleet. He died within the former on the 10th of November 1738, when he was considerably above fourscore years of age.

Too

Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the sea:
Some who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave:
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison bring,
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the tyrant's power:
And when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grapestone, or a hair can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the spacious land, and liquid main
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

On curst Piava's banks the goddess stood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the rising flood;
When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return;
In his dear country to disperse his care,
And arm himself by rest for future war;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh! destin'd head; and Oh! severe decree;
Nor native country thou, nor friend shalt see:

Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddess is obey'd:
Winds murmur; snows descend; and waters spread:
Oh! kinsman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice; strong destiny replies:
Weep you on earth: for he shall sleep below:
Thence none return; and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores
To find the object which this verse deplores;
Cleanse the pale corps with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common sand;
Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave;
(The only honour he can now receive)
And fragrant mould upon his body throw:
And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth; and flourish green the bough.

So may just Heaven secure thy future life
From foreign dangers, and domestick strife!
And when th' infernal judge's dismal power
From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;
When yielding to the sentence, breathless thou
And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now;
May some kind friend the piteous object see,
And equal rites perform, to that which once was thee.

P R O L O G U E,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN, ON
HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, MDCCIV.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd light,
As when ye hallow'd first this happy night:
Again transmit your friendly beams to earth:
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth:
And thou, propitious star, whose sacred power
Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia, and the Sun;
With thy fair aspect still illustrate Heaven:
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly given:
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain asks no more:
For Virtue can no ampler power express,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue STILL THE SAME.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we should first desire:

Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
 Her goodness takes our liberty away,
 And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
 Great as he is, her delegate in war:
 Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
 That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns.
 While the bright queen does on her subjects shower
 The gentle blessings of her softer power;
 Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
 To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
 Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear;
 And Wit be that which Heaven and she may hear.

Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield;
 Secure of conquest, sent him to the field:
 The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd:
 So was his fame compleat, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time amidst her native temples fate
 The goddess, studious of her Grecian's fate,
 Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
 In acting justly, and in writing well.
 Thus whilst she did her various power dispose;
 The world was free from tyrants, wars, and woes:
 Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.

A
L E T T E R
T O

MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

OCCASIONED BY

THE VICTORY AT BLENHEIM,

MDCCIV.

— Cupidum, pater optime, vires

Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide gallos—

Hor. Sat. 1, L. 2.

SINCE hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing
Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him lawrels, whatsoe'er they cost:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosperous hand
(So Jove did will; so Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?

From the lost field a hundred standards brought
 Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault :
 Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
 That fatal day the mighty work was done,
 With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun.
 Some Dæmon envying France mislaid the fight :
 And Mars mistook, tho' Louis order'd right.

When thy * young muse invok'd the tuneful Nine,
 To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,
 What work had we with Wageningen, Arnheim,
 Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme !
 And though the poet made his last efforts,
 Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts ?
 But, tell me hast thou reason to complain
 Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign ;
 The Danube rescu'd, and the empire sav'd,
 Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd ?
 And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
 To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene ?
 Is it too hard in happy verse to place
 The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maes ?
 Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
 That France may fall by more harmonious names,
 Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear ?
 Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear ?
 And is there not a sound in Marlborough's name,
 Which thou, and all thy brethren ought to claim,
 Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame ?

* Epistre 4. du Sr. Boileau Despreaux au Roy.

En vain, pour te Louer, &c.

Cutts

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read :
Place me the valiant Gouram in his stead :
Let the intention make the number good :
Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,
So as to have one rhyme at his command :
With ease the bard reciting Blenheim's plain,
May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.
I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war)
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree !
“ In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain
“ French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain ;
“ Push'd through the Danube to the shores of Styx
“ Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six :
“ Officers captive made and private men,
“ Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
“ Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
“ Cannon, and kettle-drums ! ” — sweet numbers these.
But is it thus you English bards compose ?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose ?
And when you should your heroes deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse ?

Why faith, Despreaux, there's sense in what you say :
I told you where my difficulty lay :

So vast, so numerous were great Blenheim's spoils,
 They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the
 Muse's toils.

To make the rough recital aptly chime,
 Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
 'Tis mighty hard: what poet would essay
 To count the streamers of my Lord Mayor's-day?
 To number all the several dishes drest
 By honest Lamb, last coronation feast?
 Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
 And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's stile repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,
 That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill:
 Had this poor breast receiv'd the heavenly beam;
 Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme;
 Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring muse should strive,
 Beneath the shades of Marlborough's wreaths to live:
 Should call aspiring Gods to bless her choice;
 And to their favourite strains exalt her voice,
 Arms and a Queen to sing; who, great and good,
 From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering flood,
 Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
 To save the nations from invading hands,
 To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,
 And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
 Attended by the Gods of War and Love:
 Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
 To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden,

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear;
And as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,
With active dance should her observance claim;
With vocal shell should sound her happy name.
Their master Thames should leave the neighb'ring
shore,

By his strong anchor known, and silver oar;
Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet,
And audience mild with humble grace intreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign;
Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid;
His brethren Maes, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar
Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war:
That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
Against two rebel armies neighbouring force:
And all must weep sad captives to the Seine,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant sovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem:
She bids him wait her to the sacred hall;
Shews him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
Says, he must die, or succour the distress'd:
Placing the Saint an emblem by his side,
She tells him Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

The

The hero bows obedient, and retires :
 The Queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires.
 His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
 The great design revolving in his mind :
 When to his sight a heavenly form appears :
 Her hand a palm, her head a lawrel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
 Below for ever fought, and blest'd above ;
 Me, the bright source of wealth, and power and
 fame ;

(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name)
 Me the great father down to thee has sent :
 He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
 To execute what Anna's wish would have :
 Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling fate,
 For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great :
 Go forth, and be to distant nations known,
 My future favourite, and my darling son.
 At Schellenbergh I'll manifest sustain
 Thy glorious cause ; and spread my wings again,
 Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain. }
 The Goddess said, nor would admit reply ;
 But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is through Britain known :
 And thronging armies to his standard run,
 He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails :
 (Bless him, ye seas ! and prosper him ye gales !)
 Belgia receives him welcome to her shores,
 And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores :

His

His presence only must retrieve that loss :
 Marlborough to her must be what William was.
 So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred-gods ;
 Alcides respited by prudent fate,
 Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the chief advance ;
 Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France ;
 The British general dooms the fight ; his sword
 Dreadful he draws : the captains wait the word.
 Anne and St. George the charging hero cries :
 Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
 Anne and St. George—At that auspicious sign
 The standards move ; the adverse armies join,
 Of eight great hours, Time measures out the sands ;
 And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands ;
 The ninth, Victoria comes :—o'er Marlborough's

head

Confess'd she sits ; the hostile troops recede :
 Triumphs the Goddess, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the British lion's might
 Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight :
 Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
 From Tyber's banks, than now from Danube's shore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
 And great ambition of my country's praise ;
 The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
 Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies
 With wonder (though with envy still) pursued by
 human eyes.

But

But we must change the style—just now I said,
 I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade ;
 Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
 In prose and business lies extinct and lost.
 Bless'd, if I may some younger muse excite,
 Point out the game, and animate the flight ;
 That from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,
 As we have conquerors, we have poets too ;
 And either lawrel does in Britain grow ;
 That, though amongst ourselves, with too much heat,
 We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate ;
 (A consequential ill which freedom draws ;
 A bad effect, but from a noble cause ;)
 We can with universal zeal advance,
 To curb the faithless arrogance of France ;
 Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
 To answer to thy Master or thy Muse ;
 Nor want just subject for victorious strains ;
 While Marlborough's arm eternal lawrels gains ;
 And where old Spencer sung, a new Eliza reigns.

FOR THE
 PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,
 ON WHICH ARE THE
 EFFIGIES OF THE QUEEN
 ON A TRIUMPHAL ARCH, THE
 DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH
 BENEATH, AND THE
 CHIEF RIVERS OF THE WORLD ROUND
 THE WHOLE WORK.

YE active streams, where-e'er your waters flow,
 Let distant climes and furthest nations know,
 What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
 How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

Quacunq̃ æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
 Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis
 Dicite, nam vobis Tamisis narravit & Ister,
 Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

T H E
C H A M E L E O N.

AS the Chameleon, who is known
 To have no colours of his own;
 But borrows from his neighbours hue
 His white or black, his green or blue;
 And struts as much in ready light,
 Which credit gives him upon fight:
 As if the rain-bow were in tail
 Sett'd on him, and his heirs male;
 So the young 'squire, when first he comes
 From country school to Will's or Tom's:
 And equally, in truth is fit
 To be a statesman or a wit;
 Without one notion of his own,
 He sanTERS wildly up and down;
 'Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
 Takes notice of a flaring lad;
 Admits him in among the gang:
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:

* Two celebrated coffee-houses.

He

He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours, which they lend him.

Thus merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances,

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;

He takes up their mysterious face:

He drinks his coffee without lace.

This week his mimic-tongue runs o'er

What they have said the week before,

His wisdom sets all Europe right;

And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet

With folks who have more wealth than wit;

He loves cheap Port, and double Bub;

And settles in the HUM-DRUM club:

He learns how stocks will fall or rise;

Holds poverty the greatest vice;

Thinks wit the bane of conversation;

And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,

And drinks Champagne among the wits;

Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;

Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;

Is in the chair; prescribes the law;

And lyes with those he never saw.

M E R R Y

M E R R Y A N D R E W.

SLY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear :
 So peevish was the edict of the Mayor)
 At Southwark therefore as his tricks he show'd,
 To please our masters, and his friends the croud ;
 A huge neats tongue he in his right hand held :
 His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage :
 Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll,
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull :
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
 What does your emblematick worship mean ?
 Quoth Andrew ; honest English let us speak :
 Your emble——(what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence :
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
 That busy fool I was, which thou art now ;
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how ;
 With very good design, but little wit,
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.

I for

I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
 And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
 But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
 Since I found the secret to be great.
 O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou controll;
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill.—
 Bow then, says Andrew; and, for once, I will.—
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
 Sleep very much; think little; and talk less:
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
 But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue.

A reverend prelate stopt his coach and fix,
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
 But when he heard him give this golden rule,
 Drive on (he cry'd); this fellow is no fool.

S I M I L E.

DEAR Thomas, did'st thou never pop
 Thy head into a tin-man's shop?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of Simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage,
 In jumping round a rowling cage?
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,
 Striking a ring of bells a-top?—
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher.
 So fares it with those merry blades,
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
 In noble songs, and lofty odes,
 They tread on stars, and talk with Gods;
 Still dancing in an airy round,
 Still pleas'd with her own verses' sound;
 Brought back, how fast foe'er they go,
 Always aspiring, always low.

T H E

F L Y I N G

SA Y, Sire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A Fly upon the chariot pole
Cries out) what Blue-bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?
Tell Belzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal Fly
Raife such a cloud of dust, as I?

My judgement turn'd the whole debate:
My valour sav'd the sinking state.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
But let the truth to light be brought:
This neither spoke, nor t'other fought:
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
 By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
 He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
 To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
 The moral says; mix water with your wine.

- E P I G R A M.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats:
 He eats more than six; and drinks more than he eats.
 Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
 Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break;
 And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak;
 For of late I invite him---but four times a week. }

A N O T H E R.

TO John I ow'd great obligation ;
But John, unhappily thought fit,
To publish it to all the nation :
Sure John and I are more than quit.

A N O T H E R.

YES, every poet is a fool :
By demonstration Ned can show it :
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet,

A N O T H E R.

THY nags, (the leanest things alive)
So very hard thou lov'st to drive ;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

T O
A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL,
A N D
SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable shelf;
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and some love to my self:
Then why should I answer; since first I must read
thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brew'd bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag,

Pursue me with satyr: what harm is there in't?
But from all VIVA VOCE reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear,

ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faster than his cōstive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
When he was run away with, by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

"QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE."

FOR what to-morrow shall disclose,
May spoil what you to-night propose:
England may change; or Cloe stray:
Love and life are for to-day.

ON THE SAME PERSON
AB A L L A D
OF THE
NOT BROWNE MAYDE.

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among on wo-
men do complayne ;

Affyrmynge this—how that it is a labour spent in
vayne,

To love their wele; for never a dele thy love a man
agayne :

For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to at-
tayne,

Yet,

* This ancient poem was originally printed in an old
black letter book, intituled, THE CUSTOMES OF LONDON
OR ARNOLDE'S CHRONICLE, which Mr. Capell supposes
appeared about the year 1521. According to that gentle-
man's opinion—"It was certainly written in the beginning
" of the sixteenth century, and not sooner : the curious in
" these matters, who shall conceive a doubt of what is here
" asserted thro' remembrance of what he has seen advanced by
" a poet

Yet, yf a newe do them pursue, theyr fyrst true
lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought he is
a banyshed man.

B.

I say, nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and
sayd,
That womens sayth is, as who sayth, all utterly de-
cayed:
But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse in this case
might be layed,
That they love true, and continuè; recorde the not-
browne mayde;

“ a poet of late days, is desir'd to look into the works of the
“ great SIR THOMAS MORE, and particularly into a poem
“ that stands at the head of them, and from thence receive
“ conviction; if sameness of rhymes, sameness of orthogra-
“ phy, and a very near affinity of words and phrases be ca-
“ pable of giving it.” THE POET OF LATE DAYS mentioned
above, is certainly Mr. Prior, who in the edition of his
poems published in 1718, had asserted it to have been
written THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE. What led him
to that mistaken notion, was probably a writer in THE
MUSES MERCURY for June 1707, who conjectures that
it was written about the year 1472. The same writer says,
and the Ballad seems to confirm it, that the persons repre-
sented are a young Lord, the Earl of Westmoreland's son,
and a lady of equal quality. The copy from which this
poem hath hitherto been printed being very inaccurate, it is
here given according to that published by Mr. Capell.

Which,

Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to
make his mone,
Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart she loved but hym
alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyscus what was all the
manere

Betwayne them two : we wyll also tell all the payne,
and fere,

That she was in : nowe I begyn, so that ye me an-
swere ;—

Wherefore, all ye, that present be, I pray you give
an ere :—

I am the knyght ; I come by nyght, as secret as I
can ;

Sayinge, Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfill in this wyll nat refuse ;
Trustynge to shewe in wordes fewe, that men have
na yll use]

(To theyr own shame) women to blame, and cause-
lesse them accuse :

Therefore to you I answere nowe, all women to ex-
cuse,—

Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ? I pray
you, tell anone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A. It

A.
It standeth so; a dede is do, whereof grete harme
shall growe:

My destiny is for to dy a shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one must be; none other way I
knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to my
bowe.

Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true! none other
rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.
O Lorde, what is this worldys blyffe, that chaungeth
as the mone!
The somers day in lusty May is derked before the
none.—

I here you say, farewell; nay, nay, we départ nat
so sone:

Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what have
ye done?

All my welfare to sorrowe and care sholde chaunge,
yf ye were gone;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone,

A.

I can beleve, it shall you greve, and somewhat you
dystrayne:

But, afterwarde, your paynes harde within a day or
twayne

Shall

Shall sone aflake ; and ye shall take comfort to you
 agayne.

Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought, your
 labour were in vayne.

And thus I do ; and pray you to, as hartely as I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me the secret of
 your mynde,

I shall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shall me
 fynde :

Syth it is so that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve be-
 hynde ;

Shall it never be sayd, the Notbrowne mayd was to
 her love unkynde :

Make you redy ; for so am I, although it were anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll
 thynke and say :

Of younge and olde it shall be tolde, that ye be gone
 away ;

Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you
 to play ;

And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make
 delay ;

Rather

Rather than ye sholde thus for me be called an yll
womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I sholde
be to blame,

Theys be the charge that speke so large in hurtynge
of my name:

For I wyll prove, that faythful love it is devoyd of
shame;

In your dystresse, and hevynesse, to part wyth you,
the same;

To shewe all tho that do nat so, true lovers are they
none:

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens
lawe,

Nothyng to dout, but to renne out to wode with
an outlawe:

For ye must there in your hand bere a bowe, redy to
drawe;

And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, ever in drede
and awe;

Whereby to you grete harme myght growe: yet had
I lever than,

'That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B. I say

B.

I say nat, nay, but as ye say, it is no maydens lore!
But love may make me, for your sake, as I have sayd
before,

To come on fote, to hunt, and shote, to get us mete
in store;

For so that I your company may have, I aske no
more:

From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as
ony stone;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,——that men hym
take and bynde;

Without pytè, hanged to be, and waver with the
wynde.

Yf I had nede, (as God forbede!) what socours
coude ye fynde?

Forsoth I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde
drawe behynde:

And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your
counceyle than:

Wherfore wyll to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
nyshed man.

B.

Ryght wele know ye, that women be but feble for to
fyght;

No womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a knyght:
Yet,

Yet, in such fere yf that ye were with enemyes day
and nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande, to helpe
you with my myght,
And you to save; as women have from deth many a
one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude
nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies, the snowe, the
frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, drye, or wete, ye must
lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rose but a brake, bush,
or twayne:
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve; and ye wolde
gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynere with you of joy and
blyffe,
I must also parte of your wo endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one plesùre; and shortely, it is
this,—
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I coude not
fare amyffe.

Without

Without more speche, I you besече that we were
shortely gone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Yf ye go thyder, ye must consider,---whan ye have
lust to dyne,
There shall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere,
ale, ne wyne;
Ne shetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde
and twyne ;
None other house, but leues and bowes, to cover your
hed and myne :
O myne hart swete, this evyll dyete sholde make you
pale and wan ;
Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go, alone, a
banyshed man.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère as men say
that ye be,
May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete
plentè :
And water clere of the ryvère shall be full swete to
me ;
With which in hele I shall ryght wele endure, as ye
shall see :
And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A. Lo

A.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, yf ye wyll go with
me :

As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above
the kne;

With bowe in hande, for to withstande your enemyes,
yf nede be :

And, the same nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-
warde wyll I fle.

Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it shortely as ye
can ;

Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

I shall as nowe do more for you than longeth to wo-
manhede ;

To shorte my here, a bow to bere, to shote in tyme
of nede :—

O my swete mother, before all other for you I have
most drede :

But nowe, adue ! I must ensue where fortune doth
me lede.—

All this make ye : nowe let us fle ; the day cometh
fast upon ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone,

A.

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shal nat go, and I shall tell
you why,—

Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele espy :

For, lyke as ye have sayd to me, in lyke wyse
hardely

Ye wolde answère, whosoever it were, in way of
company.

It is sayd of olde,—some hote, some colde; and so
is a womàn :

For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede such wordes to say by
me ;

For oft ye prayed, and long assayed, or I you loved,
pardè :

And though that I of auncestry a barons daughter
be,

Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a squyer of
lowe degre ;

And ever shall, whatso befall; to dye therefore
anone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

A barons chylde to be begylde ! it were a cursed
dede :

To be felawe with an outlawe ! Almighty God for-
bede !

Yea, beter were, the pore squyere alone to forest
yede,

Than ye sholde say another day, that by my cursed
dede

Ye

Ye were betrayed : wherefore, good mayd, the best
rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never shall of this thyng you out-
brayd :

But yf ye go, and leue me so, than have ye me be-
trayed.

Remember you wele howe that ye dele; for, yf ye
be as ye sayd,

Ye were unkynde, to leue behynde, your love, the
notbrowne mayd.

Trust me truly, that I shall dy sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent; for in the forest
nowe

I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more
than you;

Another fayrere than ever ye were, I dare it wele
avowe;

And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe with other,
as I trowe :

It were myne ese, to lyve in pefe; so wyll I, yf I
can;

Wherefore I to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
nyshed man.

R 2

B. Though

B.

Though in the wode I undyrstode ye had a paramour,

All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your:

And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, and courteys every hour;

Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll commaunde me, to my power:

For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that one;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Myne own dere love, I fe the prove that ye be kynde, and true;

Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the best that ever I knewe,

Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case is chaunged newe;

For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye sholde have cause to rewe:

Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayed to you, whan I began,

I will nat to the grene wode go, I am no banyshed man.

B. These

B.

These tydings be more gladder to me than to be
made a quene,

Yf I were sure they sholde endure: but it is often
sene,

Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke the
wordes on the splene:

Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and stele from
me, I wene:

Than were the case worse than it was, and I more
wobegone;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede; I will not dys-
parage

You (God defende!) syth you descend of so grete
lynage.

Nowe understande,——to Westmarlande, which is
myne herytage,

I wyll you bringe; and with a ryng, by way of
maryage

I wyll you take, and lady make, as shortely as I
can:

Thus have ye won an erlys son, and no banyshed
man.

R 3

Here

B.

Here may ye se, that women be, in love, meke,
kynde, and stable:

Late never man reprove them than,

But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be
comfortable,

Which sometye proved such as he loved, yf they
be charytable.

Forsoth, men wolde that women sholde be meke to
them eche one ;

Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve but
hym alone.

H E N R Y

Her flow gave offence by praising, this Poem
 in this Magazine. In Translation he said,
 "There was nothing in the Poem contrary to
 Religion; but that I did find the 'unchastity'.
 That many holy religious men, who had
 read it, expressed thereby; that it was one
 of the finest Poems in the Language both for
 Expression & Sentiment, & that whoever could
 read it without Tears must have a stupid
 & insensible Heart." See Sonnets life after life

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

But Dr. Johnson is said to have called this Poem
 "idle & gross Discretion" & has written the following

T H O U, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command

(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand,

I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;

Careless of what the censuring world may say:

Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,

Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow;

Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,

And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?

No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;

Though since her youth three hundred years have

roll'd:

At thy desire she shall again be rais'd;

And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,

That he may love, and not be lov'd again:

That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,

Who change the constant lover for the new.

Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd;
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.

And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame;
O fairest of the sex be thou my Muse:
Deign on thy work thy influence to diffuse.
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse!

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt

That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the story with thy life agree:

Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me,
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.

But oh! with pity long-intreated crown
My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an antient baron liv'd;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd,

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war:

This

This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They called her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the name;
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft' in sport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord);
Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd;
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfection must that Virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!

From

From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
 They came; they saw; they marvel'd; and they
 lov'd.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
 Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
 Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of
 art.

Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown:
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justified their flame;
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
 His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:
 In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
 Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
 Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.

In

In his right hand his beechen pole he bears :
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
And shews the path her steed may safest take ;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd ;
And blows her praises in no common sound. }

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is express'd,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves ;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song :
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,

With

With dutiful respect, and studious fear;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.

He

He loves: 'tis true; and is beloved again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another Love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life!

Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife!
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question, what we most desire!
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
He 'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;

}
His

His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle in a verdant glade
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade :
 Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
 Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;
 Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
 Upon this tree : and, as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
 And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers ;
 Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;
 Which as with gay delight the lover found,
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
 Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
 And to each swain the mystic honour shown ;
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes ;
 To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;

That

That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanced. The house in sleep were laid.
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
At last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient Maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and vallies strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes: though he, poor guide! is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears stubborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
 His painted grief does real sorrow move
 In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
 Attentive stood the mournful Nymph: the man
 Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

H E N R Y.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
 Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
 With the first tumults of a real love?
 Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
 Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;
 As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
 And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
 And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
 If so, with pity view my wretched state;
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
 To some more happy Knight reserve thy charms;
 By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;

For

For lo! these hands in murder are imbrued;
 These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love.
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to
 rove.

E M M A.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The God of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid:
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou leadst, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;

For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and
say :

That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran:
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love;
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to
rove.

E M M A.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let every tongue its various censures chuse;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;

And

And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
 Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
 Nor from that busy Demon's restless power
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
 With active force repel the sturdy foe?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
 love
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to
 rove.

E M M A.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear,

Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not Love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow,
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.

Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!) should'st thou
bleed;

To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
hair;

Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown.
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;

When

When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
 Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding fate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
 rove?

E M M A.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From it's decline determin'd to recede;
 Did I put purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
 While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;

The cave with moss and branches I 'll adorn,
 And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return :
 And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
 I 'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food ;
 With humble duty and officious haste,
 I 'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring :
 And, when at night with weary toil oppress'd,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest ;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight
 prayer

Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care ;
 And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
 My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :
 By all these sacred names be Henry known
 To Emma's heart ; and grateful let him own,
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him
 alone !

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare :
 Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
 Must leave the habit and the sex behind.

No

No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side:
The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there:
Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view:
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew.
By adverse Fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill:

Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
 Assist their violence, and divide their prey :
 With such she must return at setting light,
 Though not partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
 The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake :
 By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
 No middle object to thy choice is given.
 Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love ;
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
 rove.

E M M A.

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
 Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
 Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.

Yet

Yet with Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst; if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat,
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I drest:
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my cloaths, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
Ill mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black foot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.

Yet

Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone. }

H E N R Y.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said?
 O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame. }
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st
 to rove.

E M M A.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
 swords;
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
 More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's
 fame. }

And

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown maid? }

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day, or secret night.
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that which I must never own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone? }

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
 Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
 Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows-made to last, or promises to bind. }

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
 We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
 When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;

Our

Our falshood and our arms have equal use;
 As they our conquest or delight produce.
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing love can give.
 To be less wretch'd, be no longer true;
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue? }
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new;
 Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
 Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe) }
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave. }
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight; }
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight. }
 Why should'st thou weep? let nature judge our
 case;

I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
 Of youth and beauty: I another saw
 Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
 More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
 With present power compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;

And

And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to
rove.

E M M A.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most compleatly curst?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet,

Yet, when increasing grief brings flow disease;
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
 When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead;
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
 With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
 And decent emblem; and at least persuade
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
 To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;
 No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
 O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
 At least excuse a trial too severe:
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
 No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
 And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
 Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
 Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
 And trembling fled before the British lord.
 Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
 And sees his numerous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
 To greatness next to empire; shall be brought
 With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
 Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
 Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
 And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
 And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
 Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
 And age unheeded by delight come on;
 While yet superior love shall mock his power:
 And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,

Which

Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

E M M A.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was rash and vain;
A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care:

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:

If

If she reclaims the temporary boon,
 And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
 Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
 And unconcern'd return the goods she lent:
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
 Friendship's great laws, and love's superior powers;
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.
 From the events which thy commands create
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
 I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
 Exalted high as virtue can require;
 With power invested, and with pleasure chear'd;
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
 Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ
 My life subservient only to thy joy;
 And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
 To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd
 Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd;
 Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
 They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
 To chuse propitious shafts, a precious store;

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That,

That, when their God should take his future darts,
 To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
 His happy skill might proper arms employ,
 All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
 And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
 These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The Queen of Beauty stopt her bridled doves;
 Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
 And to the triumph call'd the God of war:
 Soon as she calls, the God is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice:
 Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
 But, when she sings great Edward from the field
 Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
 In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to
 yield:

And when, as prudent Saturn shall compleat
 The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
 The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
 To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
 To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
 Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
 The British soldier from his high command
 Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand;
 Let her at least perform what I desire;
 With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
 And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
 What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.

And,

And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant Beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.

From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown maid

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A N
O D E

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

T H E Q U E E N,

O N T H E

G L O R I O U S S U C C E S S

O F

HER MAJESTY'S ARMS. MDCCVI.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

"Te non paventis funera Galliae,

"Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:

"Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri

"Compositis venerantur armis,"

Hor:

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

“ Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.”

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in

the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *proweess*, strength; *I weet*, I know; *I ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used *Cæsar* for the emperor, *Boya* for Bavaria, *Bavar* for that prince, *Ister* for Danube, *Iberia* for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the Ode which I just now mentioned,

“ Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio

“ Jacta Tuscis æquoribus, &c.”

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers;

writers; yet it is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it: however it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

“ From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:”

whereas he was not born, when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that Curiosa Felicitas in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly

particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey in those parts.

A N

O D E.

L.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
 And sent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
 Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
 He saw his fame increasing with his years;
 Horace, great bard! (so Fate ordain'd) arose,
 And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
 Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
 And set their battles in eternal light:
 High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung,
 And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

H.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
 Widely distributing her high commands,
 And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
 Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;

An

An equal genius was in Spenser found;
 To the high theme he match'd his noble lays;
 He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
 In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:
 Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
 He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams,

III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
 Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
 Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew;
 What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
 What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
 Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
 O fairest model of imperial sway!
 What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign?
 Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
 Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet:
 Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to smile,
 I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
 And cloath the verse in Spenser's native style,
 By these examples rightly taught to sing,
 And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
 Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
 High as Olympus I my flight will raise;

And

And latest times shall in my numbers read
 Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy
 deed.

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
 Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,
 Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
 Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
 And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
 His bosom with the vengeful message glows;
 Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
 And, towering round his master's earth-born foes,
 Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
 Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire:

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough sate,
 Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
 Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
 And gives her second thunder to his hand.
 Then, leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
 With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe;
 Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
 He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.
 Our thought flies slower than our General's fame:
 Grasps he the bolt? we ask—when he has hurl'd
 the flame.

VII. When

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
 Did from afar the British chief behold,
 Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
 Something within his warring bosom roll'd:
 He views that favourite of indulgent fame,
 Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore;
 Too well, alas! the man he knows the fame,
 Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan power,
 And sent them trembling through the frighted lands,
 Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve;
 Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
 It now would shine, and only give him leave
 To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
 So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
 His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
 Though deeply wounded, no-way yet dismay'd,
 Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
 In sullen fury traverses the plain,
 To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
 Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
 Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
 Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger star.

Those

Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
 Which thou from * Mahomet didst greatly gain,
 While, bold assertor of resistless truth,
 Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
 Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
 And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier
 head.

X.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
 And human faults with human grief confess,
 'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is still the same;
 From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
 Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,
 Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline:
 If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
 He now defends the cause that once was thine.
 Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue;
 For Jove's great handmaid Power must Jove's decrees
 pursue.

* The Elector of Bavaria had formerly acquired great reputation by the success of his arms against the Turks, particularly in obliging them to raise the siege of Vienna, after it had continued 59 days, in September 1683, with the loss of seventy-five thousand men and their baggage.

XI. Hark!

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms!
 Auverquerque, † branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
 When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
 And all of William that was mortal died;
 The faithful hero had receiv'd his sword
 From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.
 Oft' from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
 Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre
 run.

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
 The master sword, disposer of thy power:
 'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.
 He took the gift: nor ever will I sheathe
 This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain),
 The General said, unless by glorious death
 Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
 Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
 When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

† Monsieur Auverquerque who, in the year 1704, and the succeeding campaigns, was appointed to the command of the Dutch forces. He was in great favour with King William, and present at his death.

XIII. An

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
 Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
 So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
 Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.
 Like two great rocks against the raging tide
 (If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare),
 Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
 Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
 Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats;
 And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power re-
 treats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
 With mingled anger and collected might;
 To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
 How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight:
 On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame;
 Behold them rushing through the Gallic host:
 Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
 Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
 They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:
 Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly desolation.

XV.

But whilst with fiercest ire Bellona glows;
 And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
 While Britain presses her afflicted foes;
 What horror damps the strong, and quells the great!

Whence look the foldier's cheeks, dismay'd and pale?
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
 The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail;
 And the pursuers only not recede.
 Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
 For, anxious, lo! they croud around their falling
 chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's sound:
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
 Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground.—
 Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
 In greater glory, and with fuller light:
 The evening-star so falls into the main,
 To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
 He rises safe, * but near, too near his side,
 A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
 The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field:
 The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustain'd:
 Freedom must live; and lawless power must yield.

* At the battle of Ramillies the Duke of Marlborough was twice in the most imminent danger; once by a fall from his horse, and a second time by a cannon shot that took off the head of Colonel Bringfield as he was holding the stirrup for his Grace to remount.

Vain

Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell;
 That wavering Conquest still desires to rove!
 In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to dwell:
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.
 Again France flies, again the duke pursues,
 And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
 From thy triumphant country's public voice;
 Thy country greater thanks can only give
 To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
 Recording Schellenberg's* and Blenheim's toils,
 We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat:
 We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,
 And in those spoils we thought thy praise compleat.
 For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
 In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
 A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
 Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize
 Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.
 Those heights, where William's virtue might have staid,
 And on the subject world look'd safely down,
 By Marlborough pass'd, the props and steps were made,
 Sublimer yet to raise his queen's renown:

* Where the Duke of Marlborough gained a complete victory over 16000 Bavarians in July 1704.

Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd, while aught undone
remain'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has fortune been severe?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there of the fifty thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd
coast.

XXI.

To the close rock the frighten'd raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air:
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight:
Our conquest we by stratagem should make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by surprize to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
From

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
 And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes :
 And this be Troynovante, he said, the feat
 By Heaven ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place:
 Superior here to all the bolts of fate
 Live, mindful of the author of your race,
 Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
 Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudor's hence, and Stuart's offspring flow:
 Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
 Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
 And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:
 Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
 And Drake and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea:
 Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
 Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
 Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal:
 For, oh! who vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to
 tell?

XXV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
 Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
 Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke;
 Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
 And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies:
 So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise;

And every age she with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain.
Nor France on universal sway intent,
Oft' breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars:
Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic
power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings shall the messenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our success relate,
Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
They to my statue now must bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fallen, fallen for ever, is the Gallic power.---
The woman chief is master of the war:
Earth, she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heaven
by prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
Thy council and thy deed victorious queen,

What

What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends?
 How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
 Oh! deign to let the eldest of the nine
 Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
 Oh! with her sister sculpture let her join
 To raise great Anne, the monument to thee;
 To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
 To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer king.

XXVIII.

Let Europe sav'd the column high erect,
 Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
 Where sembling art may carve the fair effect
 And full atchievment of thy great designs.
 In a calm Heaven, and a serener air,
 Sublime the queen shall on the summit stand,
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
 And pointing down to earth her dread command.
 All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
 Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage
 below.

XXIX.

Their fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost,
 Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
 Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
 Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
 Great Jove, where I forever will remain,
 (The empire's other hope shall say) and here
 Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll reign—
 O virtue to thy British mother dear!

Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo,* and Gibraltar, and Barcelone.
Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms and sent to war;
Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him her
son.

XXXI.

There Isther, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that shore,
Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
Through climes, where never British chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or sounded his alarms;

* Vigo was surprized by the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke, and the galleons taken and destroyed in the year 1702; Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke in 1704; and Barcelona by the Prince of Hesse and the Earl of Peterborough in 1705.

Shall

Shall bid them bleſs the queen, who made his ſtreams,
Glorious as thoſe of Boyne, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy ſhall her deliverer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great queen, and bleſs thy powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd;
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword;
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie;
And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry;
And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix' or Montmorancy's hand:
Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield,
From Creſſy's battle ſav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee
Thy emblem, gracious queen, the Britiſh roſe,
Type of ſweet rule and gentle majeſty:

The

The northern thistle, whom no hostile hand
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
 Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen:
 Thy vanquish'd lillies, France, decay'd and torn,
 Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
 Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
 To save herself from darkness and from death,
 That Muse-desires the last, the lowest place;
 Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,
 For the fair fame of Annie and Albion's land,
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing;
 And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease;
 Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to peace.

HER RIGHT NAME.

AS Nancy at her toilet sat,
 Admiring this, and blaming that;
 Tell me, she said; but tell me true;
 The nymph who could your heart subdue,
 What sort of charms does she possess?
 Absolve me, fair one: I'll confess;

With

With pleasure I reply'd. Her hair,
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her ivory bosom roll,
 And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
 In her high forehead's fair half round
 Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
 He in the dimple of her chin,
 In private state by friends is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black nor grey;
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
 Her lips no living bard I weet.
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet;
 Old Homer only could indite,
 Their vagrant grace and soft delight:
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke—
 The gypsy, turning to her glass,
 Too plainly shew'd she knew the face;
 And which am I most like, she said,
 Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

CANTATA.

C A N T A T A:

Set by Monsieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade,

His lyre to mournful numbers strung,

Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,

To Venus thus address'd the song:

Ten thousand little loves around,

Listening, dwelt on every sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son

Sound no more his dire alarms,

Youth on silent wings is flown:

Graver years come rolling on,

Spare my age, unfit for arms:

Safe and humble let me rest,

From all amorous care releas'd,

Potent Venus, bid thy son

Sound no more his dire alarms,

RECIT.

Yet Venus, why do I each morn prepare

The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?

Why do I all day lament and sigh,

Unless theauteous maid be nigh?

And why all night pursue her in my dreams,

Through flowry meads and crystal streams?

RECIT.

RECIT.

Thus sung the Bard; and thus the Goddess spoke:
 Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke:

Every state, and every age,
 Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
 Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove,
 That all the world was born to love.

ARIET

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
 Soft desire and gentle pain:
 Often praise, and always love her:
 Through her ear, her heart obtain.
 Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her,
 Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

 LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID:

OVID is the surest guide,
 You can name, to shew the way
 To any woman, maid or bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE

• Translated from the following Madrigal of Gilbert,
 sur l'Art d'Aimer de Ovide.

A P H I L I S.

Cette lecture est sans egale,

Ce livre est un petet dedale,

A T R U E M A I D.

NO, no; for my virginity,

When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die;
Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,
Rose, were you not extremely sick?

A N O T H E R.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed:
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stun'd with the noise;
But when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin,
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her
once squeal.

Ou l'esprit prend plaisir d'errer,
Philis, suivez les pas d'Ovide,
C'est le plus agreable guide,
Qu'on peut choisir pour s'egarer.

Learn,

Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your
lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult, as wives.

REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears, that he shall die;
His wife, that he may live.

A N O T H E R.

FROM her own native France as old Alison past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with
malice,

That the flattern had left in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion, and eye-brows at Calais.

A N O.

A N O T H E R.

HER eye-brow-box one morning lost,
 (The best of folks are ofteneft crost)
 Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
 Her careless but afflicted maid;
 Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
 Alas! when shall I rise again?
 I can behold no mortal now;
 For what's an eye without a brow.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house
 Poor Helen sits, and sobs and cries;
 She will not see her loving spouse,
 Nor her more dear RICHQUET-allies:
 Unless she find her eye-brows,
 She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

HELEN was just slipt into bed :
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay :
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself was loudly rated :
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as fages write,
Depends our human joy, or sorrow :
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas ! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

P H I L L I S ' S A G E .

How old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages ?
To answer is no easy task :
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocard, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face ;
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd ;
And Phillis is some forty-three.

FOR-

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, says baron Le
Cras,

Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:

And scarcely had he spoke it;

When she more confus'd as more angry she grew,

By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:

She dropt the eye, and broke it.

CRITICAL MOMENT.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor
Nell?

She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOALLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
 That uncall'd Alard will possess
 Your house and coach, both day and night,
 And that Macbeth was haunted less
 By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pound a year,
 Do you complain, you cannot bear
 An ill, you may soon retrieve?
 Good Alard, faith, is modester
 By much, than you believe.

Lend him but fifty LOUIS' D'OR;
 And you shall never see him more:
 Take the advice; PROBATUM EST.
 Why do the gods indulge our store,
 But to secure our rest?

E P I L O G U E

T O

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.*

B Y

MR. EDMUND SMITH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED
ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before ;
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak ;

* This excellent tragedy, although performed by Betterton, Booth, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Oldfield, met with but a very cold reception from the publick on its first appearance. In the Spectator, No. 18, Mr. Addison says—" would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the Phædra and Hippolitus) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy." The prologue to it was written by Mr. Addison.

X 3

And

And comes to town to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, even burn your play :
I'gad ! we know all that, as well as they :
Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer.
Firm in his seat, and running his career ;
Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian Dames :
Every Ismena would resign her breast ;
And every dear Hippolitus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
Are even as good, as any two of theirs :
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot : John can drive.

Now of the buffle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,
Something at least in justice should be said :
But this Hippolitus so fills one's head——
Well ! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she could ;
For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood,
Her aukward love indeed was odly fated ;
She and her Poly were too near related :
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly died :
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood in *STATU QUO* ?
There was no harm, you see, or grant there were :
She might want conduct ; but he wanted care.

'Twas

'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude——
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest;
Found every thing contribute to his rest;
The PICQUET-friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone impatient for her dear.

But if these gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more serious judgment must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care:
My spotless flames to your protection take;
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

E P I L O G U E

T O

L U C I U S . * A T R A G E D Y ,

B Y

MRS. DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY,

SPOKEN BY MRS. HORTON.

THE female author who recites to-day,
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
 Like father Bayes securely she sits down :
 Pit, box, and gallery, gad ! all's our own.
 In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
 By their applause the critics show'd their wit,
 They tun'd their voices to her Lyric string ;
 Though they could all do something more than sing,
 But one exception to this fact we find ;
 That booby Phaon only was unkind,
 An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind. }

* This play was acted at Drury-lane, in 1717, with
 success. In the dedication to Sir Richard Steele, who wrote
 a prologue to it, the author apologizes for the severity of
 her former writings against him.

From

From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,
And now on French, or on Italian stages,
Rough satyrs, fly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
The blustering bully in our neighbouring streets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns:
The hoop secure whatever it surrounds.
The many-colour'd gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult, and by love:
And while their sweet-hearts their attention fix,
Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering sticks.
Now, Sirs——
To you our author makes her soft request.
Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,
Your SYMPATHETIC hearts she hopes to move,
From tender friendship, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's wit rehearse;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears:
I plead her sex's claim; what matters her's?
By our full power of beauty we think fit.
To damn the SALIQUE law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire you so long have boasted;
And if we are not prais'd, we 'll not be toasted.
Approve what one of us presents to-night;
Or every mortal woman here shall write:

Rural

Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
 Female remarks shall take up all your time.
 Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very money;
 Female third days shall come so quick upon ye.
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
 Unless you yield for better and for worse:
 Then the She-Pegasus shall gain the course;
 And the grey mare will prove the better horse.

T H I E F A N D T H E C O R D E L I E R ,

B A L L A D .

**TO THE TUNE OF KING JOHN, AND THE
 ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.**

WH O has e'er been at Paris, must needs know
 the Greve,

The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave:
 Where honour and justice most odly contribute,
 To ease hero's pains by a halter and gibbet,
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There

There death breaks the shackles, which force had
put on ;

And the hangman compleats, what the judge but
begun :

There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the
post,

Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no
more crost.

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known ;

And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own ;

But my hearers cry out ; what a dence dost thou ail ?

Cut off thy reflections ; and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,

And for want of false witnesses, to back a bad cause,

A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear :

And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?

Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,

Seem'd not in great haste, that the show should begin :

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;

And often took leave ; but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the
priest:

You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon:
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pugh! pr'ythee never trouble thy head with such
fancies:

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die: let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid;
It reflects upon me; as I knew not my trade:
Courage, Friend; to-day is your period of sorrow?
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow,

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero reply'd in a fright:
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-
night.

Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly
truss'd up,

For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, how'er sumptuous the treat,
PARBLEU, I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace;
Would you be so kind, as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to
boot;

But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.

The feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;

For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said;

Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade:

For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;

And we live by the gold for which other men die.

Derry down, &c.

A N

E P I T A P H.

Stet quicunque volet potens

Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Seneca.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone,

Lie sauntering Jack, and idle Joan,

While rolling threescore years and one

Did round this globe their courses run;

If human things went ill or well;

If changing empires rose or fell:

The

The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd and eat, good folks : what then ?
Why then they walk'd and eat again :
They foundly slept the night away :
They just did nothing all the day :
And having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more :
Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

Their moral and œconomy
Most perfectly they made agree :
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the others ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded :
They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did :
Her maids she neither prais'd, nor chid :
So every servant took his course :
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable ;
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong ; their wine was Port :
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate ;
And took, but read not the receipt :
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects fought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.

Nor cherish'd they relations poor:

That might decrease their present store:

Nor barn nor house did they repair:

That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added, nor confounded:

They neither wanted, nor abounded.

Each Christmas they accompts did clear,

And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear, nor smile did they employ

At news of public grief, or joy.

When bells were rung, and bonfires made;

If ask'd, they never deny'd their aid:

Their jug was to the ringers carry'd;

Whoever either dy'd, or marry'd.

Their billet at the fire was found;

Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;

They would not learn, nor could advise:

Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,

They led—a kind of—as it were:

Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd:

And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd.

H O R A C E,

LIB. I. EPIST. IX.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias : &c.

I M I T A T E D.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. HARLEY. *

DEAR Dick, † however it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great ;
Though I plain MAT, you MINISTER OF STATE :
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Would fix his fortune in some little place.
Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my patron goes ?

* Robert Harley, Esq; afterwards Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

† This was Richard Shelton, Esq; one of the interlocutors in the poem of Alma. Mr. Prior in his will styles him his dear friend and companion.

And

And answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread ;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I would save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by ;
And make my reason with his will comply ;
Hoping for my excuse, 'twill be confest,
That of two evils I have chose the least.
So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
Receive the partner of my inmost soul :
Him you will find in letters, and in laws,
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

T O
M R. H A R L E Y,
W O U N D E D B Y
G U I S C A R D.

Ducit opes animumque ferro. HOR.

I.

IN one great now, superior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find:
How heavenly virtue can exalt; or rage
Infernal, how degrade the human mind.

* Antoine De Guiscard had been Abbot De Bedy, near the Cevennes in France, but being of a vicious and profligate disposition, he committed offences which obliged him to fly from his country. He afterwards entered into the army, and was made colonel of a regiment of horse, and lieutenant general, with pensions both from England and Holland. He afterwards, to make his peace with France, became a spy on the English court; was discovered, and taken before the council to be examined, when in a fit of madness and despair he stabbed Mr. Harley with a penknife which he had secreted. He was immediately secured, but died in Newgate a few days after, of some wounds he received in the scuffle. A very particular account of this transaction by Dean Swift and Mrs. Manley is printed in the Supplement to the former's works.

II. While

III.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand;
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
 He stabs his judge to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives:
 The wounds his country from his death must feel,
 The Patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame:
 And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
 In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
 Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound:
 She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws;
 And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
 Reflecting, that diffus'd the publick woe;
 A stranger to her altars, and her land:
 No son of her's could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
 Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath
 Softens thy anguish: in her powerful prayer
 She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
 O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by heaven !
 No higher can aspiring virtue soar :
 Enough to thee of grief, and fame is given.

A N
 E X T E M P O R E I N V I T A T I O N
 T O T H E
 E A R L O F O X F O R D,
 L O R D H I G H T R E A S U R E R, M D C C X I I.

M Y L O R D,

O U R weekly Friends to-morrow meet
 At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
 To try for once, if they can dine
 On bacon-ham, and mutton-chine:
 If weary'd with the great affairs,
 Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
 Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend,
 Thy mind one moment to unbend ;
 To see thy servant from his soul
 Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl :
 Among the guests, which e'er my house
 Receiv'd, it never can produce
 Of honour a more glorious proof—
 Though Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

I N

CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Batten beside Erle Robert's table.

Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.

As guests sat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft propes full quaint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
To Matthew seated on t' oth' side;
To thee, leaſt bard, it doth pertain
To understand these creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean device,
Or playfant rhyme on yonder mice:

Y 3

They

They seem, God shield me, Mat. and Charles,*
 Bad as Sir Topaz, or squire Quarles †
 (Matthew did for the nonce reply)

At emblem, or device am I :

But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
 Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee :

Ne verse from me (so God me thrive)

On mouse, or other beast alive.

Certes, I have these many days

Sent myne poetic herd to graze,

Ne armed knight ydrad in war

With lyon fierce will I compare :

Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,

Harming in secret guise the flocks :

Ne priest unworth of goddess coat,

To swine ydrunk, or filthy float.

Elk similè farewell for aye,

From elephant, I trow, to flea.

Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene,

Matthew is angred on the spleen.

Ne so, quoth Mat, ne shall be e'er,

With wit that falleth all so fair :

Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine intent

Boweth to your commaundement.

If by these creatures ye have seen,

Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been,

Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,

The rest in order to explain.

* Charles Mountague, Earl of Halifax.

† Francis Quarles.

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
 I liken to St. * Stephen's Court :
 Therein is space enough, I trow,
 For elke comrade to come and goe :
 And therein eke may both be fed
 With shiver of the wheaten bread.
 And when, as these mine eyen survey,
 They cease to skip, and squeak and play :
 Return they may to different cells,
 Auditing one, whilst t'other tells.

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind,
 In bounteous deed no mean can bind ;
 Now as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray ?
 Let that be wrought which Mat. doth say :
 Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

• Exchequer.

Y 4

IN

IN THE SAME STILE.

FULL oft doth MAT. with TOPAZ dine,
 Eateth baked meats, drinketh Greek wine;
 But TOPAZ his own werke rehearseth;
 And Mat. mote praise what Topaz verseth.
 Now sure as priest did e'er thrive finner,
 Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

IN THE SAME STILE.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well menteine:
 Algates assaulted fore by Letchours tweine;
 Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
 Old were the paramours, the dame full yong.
 Had thilke fame tale in other guise been tolde;
 Had they been young (pardie) and she been olde;
 That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer tryal;
 Full mervellous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

F L O W E R

PAINTED BY

SIMON VERELST*.

W HEN famed VERELST this little wonder
drew;

Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view :

* Simon Verelst, a Flemish painter, born at Antwerp. He settled in England, and became very celebrated for painting fruits and flowers, and received greater sums for his performances than had ever been paid before for the like kind in London. Mr. Pilkington says, " as to his
" flower and fruit subjects, he handled them in a charm-
" ing manner, and gave them force and relief by a judi-
" cious management of the chiaro scuro. He painted his
" objects with great truth and resemblance of nature, and
" his colouring was fresh, but as to his portraits they
" were not much to his honour, though he finished them
" as highly as he did his flowers, which he always took
" care to introduce in every portrait." He died 1710, aged
46. See PILKINGTON'S DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS,
p. 667.

Finding

Finding the painter's science at a stand,
 The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
 And finishing the piece, she smiling said:
 Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

TO THE

LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

S I N C E

MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN,

O N A

COLUMN OF HER DRAWING

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
 These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew;
 They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
 A fairer column to the father's praise.

P R O.

P R O T O G E N E S

A N D

A P E L L E S.

W H E N poets wrote, and painters drew,

As nature pointed out the view :

Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,

To spoil the well-proportion'd Piece :

And in our verse ere Monkish rhimes

Had jangl'd their fantastick chimes :

Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes

Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,

Who knew not much to paint or write,

Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight :

Protogenes, historians note,

Liv'd there, a burges's scot and lot ;

And, as old Pliny's * writings show,

Apelles did the same at Co.

* See C. Plinii, Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv. cap. x. vol. iiii.
p. 181. ed. 1669.

Agreed

Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.

Picqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came ;
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure, or commend,
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings :
His servants follow with the things :
Appears the governante of th' house :
For such in Greece were much in use :
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me, or thee to know.

Does 'squire Protogenes live here ?
Yes, sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'sey low ; but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout ;
Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow.
To grace the church : 'tis Venus' day :
I hope, sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus : 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
So like the original, they say :
But I have no great skill that way.
But, sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea :

At

At six, fir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, fir, at home.

Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
Was found same twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.

And, fir, at present would you please
To leave your name——Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true;
And will you please, sweet-heart, said he,
To shew your master this from me?
By it he presently will know,
How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'ing, fir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, fir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, fir, as sure as key or lock ——
Your servant, fir—at six a clock.

Again at six Apelles came;
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.

If from the perfect line he found,
 He has presum'd to swell the round,
 Or colours on the draught to lay;
 'Tis thus (he ordered me to say)
 Thus write the painters of this isle:
 Let those of Co remark the stile.

She said; and to his hand restor'd
 The rival pledge, the missive board.
 Upon the happy line were laid
 Such obvious light, and easy shade;
 That Paris' apple stood confest,
 Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
 And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
 How e'er Protogenes and I
 May in our rival talents vie;
 How e'er our works may have express'd
 Who truest drew, or colour'd best;
 When he beheld my flowing line;
 He found at least I could design:
 And from his artful round, I grant,
 That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
 To find the moral of my tale:
 That the distinguish'd part of men.
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
 Should in life's visit leave their name,
 In characters, which may proclaim,

That

That they with ardour strove to raise
 At once their arts, and country's praise;
 And in their working took great care,
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS

HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
 And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
 Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

FOR
 A new version was written by Dr. Archibald Burns,
 a celebrated Scotch physician, who died in the year 1771.
 Warton

F O R M Y O W N

T O M B S T O N E .

TO me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'tis given
 To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
 Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven?

* GUALTERUS DANISTONUS

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
 Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samiisque superbus
 Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.

Has

• These verses were written by Dr. Archibald Pitcairne,
 a celebrated Scotch physician, who died in the year 1713.

Walter

Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
 Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
 Vitæ faciles molliter ire vias:
 Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia, libo;
 Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
 Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
 Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
 Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
 Quique superstes, homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.
 Attamen esse hilares, & inanes mittere curas
 Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
 Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis
 Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.

Walter Daniston was a schoolmaster and Latin poet, very intimate with the author. The title, as given by Mr. Prior, is here retained, although in Dr. Pitcarne's works, printed at Edinburgh, 1727, it is intirely different, as are the first four lines of the poem. It does not with certainty appear whether the alterations were made by the author, or by his imitator. In the before-mentioned edition the poem begins in this manner:

JOANNIS SYLVII de seipso carmen.
 Dum brevis adnitor momentum fallere vitæ,
 Et somni æterni non nimis esse memor;
 Demonstrô quæ sit Sophiæ natura, quis hôpes
 Pectoris; atque animas posse perire neg.

His me parentum præceptis occupet Orcus,
 Et Mors ; seu Divum, seu nihil esse velit ;
 Nam Sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suaviter horas
 Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

I M I T A T E D.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
 That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
 I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
 And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
 When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
 The body only I give o'er to death ;
 The parts dissolv'd, and broken frame I mourn :
 What came from earth, I see to earth return.
 The immaterial part, the æthereal soul,
 Nor can change vanquish, nor can death controul.
 Glad I release it from its partner's cares ;
 And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
 Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
 Which, spight of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
 The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
 And offer to the now immortal friend.

But

But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
 Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;
 On its dark side if thou the prospect take;
 Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake:
 In total death suppose the mortal lie,
 No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
 Yet bear thy lot content! yet cease to grieve:
 Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
 The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
 And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
 And of this little hast thou ought to spare
 To sad reflection, and corroding care?
 The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
 With pleasant memory of the blifs they gave.
 The pleasant hours in present mirth employ,
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy,
 The future (few or more, how'er they be)
 Were destin'd erst; nor can by fate's decree
 Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

THE
FIRST HYMN

OF
CALLIMACHUS

TO
JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove himself,
The God for ever great, for ever king;
Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
To Heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'st thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute
And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's Mount,
Or Dicte, studious of his country's praise,
The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st

To

To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth : Great Rhea
 Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
 And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines :
 Holy retreat ! Sithence no female hither,
 Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
 Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
 The ponderous birth : she sought a neighbouring
 spring

To wash the recent babe : in vain : Arcadia,
 (However streamy) now adust and dry.
 Deny'd the goddess water ; where deep Melas,
 And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smoak'd,
 Obscure with rising dust : the thirsty traveller
 In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
 In subterraneous caverns : forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon,
 And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea said, bring forth ;
 And short shall be thy pangs. She said ; and high
 She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
 The yawning cliff : from its disparted height
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
 And chear'd the vallies : there the heavenly mother

Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt
them

In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
And conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust:
Not unrewarded; since the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rowls
By Lerpion's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
Fast by her flowery banks the sons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, God, to Cnossus Neda brought: the
nymphs

And Corybantes thee their sacred charge
Receiv'd: Adraсте rock'd thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distent
With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and chang'd their sounding
arms;

Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries and mock the ear of Saturn,

Swift

Swift growth and wonderous grace, O heavenly Jove,
 Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
 And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act.
 That Saturn's sons receiv'd the three-fold empire
 Of Heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
 As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
 Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
 Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value
 By lot are parted: but high Heaven, thy share,
 In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
 Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
 Wherefore not chance, but power, above thy bre-
 thren

Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
 Commands thy chariot forth; impetuous strength,
 And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
 Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
 And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
 Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite rise
 Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser Gods hast well assign'd
 Their proper shares of power: thy own, great Jove,
 Boundless and universal. Those who labour
 The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked seythe,
 Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleening armour,
 Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
 Blesses Diana's hand; who leads him safe
 O'er hanging cliffs; who spreads his net successful,

And guides the arrow through the panther's heart,
 The soldier from successful camps returning
 With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
 Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
 Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
 To make his hero and himself immortal.
 Those, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
 Who model nations, publish laws, announce
 Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
 Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.

And, as their actions tend subordinate
 To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
 Proportion'd to the work; thou see'st impartial,
 How they those means imploy. Each monarch rules
 His different realm, accountable to thee,
 Great Ruler of the world: These only have
 To speak and be obey'd; to those are given
 Assistant days to ripen the design;
 To some whole months; revolving years to some:
 Others, ill-fated are condemn'd to toil
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
 With fruitless act, and impotence of council.

Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
 Of every good: thy praise what man yet born
 Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
 Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
 Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
 For without virtue, wealth to man avails not;

And

And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
 Virtue and wealth ; for both are of thy gift.

T H E

S E C O N D H Y M N

O F

C A L L I M A C H U S

T O

A P O L L O.

HAH! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
 And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
 The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
 The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
 Feel the glad impulse: and the sever'd bars
 Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
 Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
 Self

Self-mov'd : and hovering swans, their throats
releas'd,

From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin, young men, the hymn : let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence ; and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first by ardent prayer, and clear lustration
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness :
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo,
So may ye flourish favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With silver hairs, and fair descent of children ;
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies' increase.

Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song ;
Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands ;
And seas subside, obedient to the sound
Of Iö, Iö PEAN ! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death :
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapless mo-
ther !
Whose fondness could compare her mortal off-
spring
To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö ! again repeat ye, I, Pean !

Against

Against the deity 'tis hard to strive.
He that resists the power of Ptolemy,
Resists the power of heaven, for power from
heaven

Derives; and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
The ditty still unfinish'd; and the day
Unequal to the godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Liſſian bow are gold: with golden sandals
His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises;
And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheek; from his fair head
Perfumes distil their sweets; and chearful Health,
His dutious handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spear-man's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn; and chains, or exiles death.

The

Thee, Nomian we adore; for that from Heaven
 Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
 Didst guard Admetus's herds. Sithence the cow
 Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the she-goat
 Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder;
 And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
 Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Blest the
 cattle,

On which Apollo cast his favouring eye!

But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
 Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
 Kind sister to thy infant-deity
 New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle.
 Brought hunted wild goats heads, and branching
 antlers

Of Stags, the fruit and honor of her toil.

These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range,
 (Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models,
 With emblematic skill, and mystic order,
 Thou shew'dst, where towers or battlements should
 rise;

Where gates should open; or where walls should
 compass:

While from thy childish pastime man received,
 The future strength, and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
 The Libyan strand; when the foreboding crow
 Flew on the right before the people, marking
 The country destin'd the auspicious seat

Of

Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boedromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee! for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
Ere settl'd in Cyrene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind God, and blest thy altars
Smoaking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls;
As Carnus, thy high-priest and favour'd friend,
Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
Io Carnean Phœbus! Iō Pean!

The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus
Reserve the honours of the winter-store,
To deck thy temple; 'till returning spring
Diffuses nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Open'd; and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feast is held:
The warlike Libyans clad in armour, lead
The dance; with clanging swords and shields they
beat

The

The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
 Their women, brown but beautiful: such rites
 To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
 From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
 And lands determin'd for their last abodes;
 But wander'd through Azilis' horrid forest
 Dispers'd; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
 Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
 Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
 Thou gracious deign'dst to let the fair one view
 Her typic people; thou with pleasure taught'st her
 To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
 And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
 Happy the nymph, who honour'd by thy passion,
 Was aided by thy power! the monstrous Python
 Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
 To thy great strength, and golden arms unequal.

Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
 Another, and another dart; the people
 Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
 Elance the dart, Apollo: for the safety,
 And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.

Envy thy latest foe suggested thus:
 Like thee I am power immortal; therefore
 To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
 Those poets who write little? Vast and great
 Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
 To a small rivulet I prefer. Apollo
 Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the God:

Dæmon

Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
 Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
 And carries forward with his stupid force
 Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
 His wave still more defil'd; mean while the nymphs
 Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
 Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
 And fit for Heavenly use, from little urns
 Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Îô! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
 Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake,
 Draw tuns unmeasureable; while thy favour
 Administers to my ambitious thirst
 The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
 Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
 Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

CHA

C H A R I T Y.

A

P A R A P H R A S E

O N T H E

THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE
TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles, and law:
Yet gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast;
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer:
That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice,
My faith were form: my eloquence were noise.

Charity,

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride,
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives ;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings, where-ever she arrives :
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even ;
And opens in each heart a little Heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
It's proper bound, and due restriction knows ;
To one fixt purpose dedicates it's power ;
And, finishing it's act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and Prophecy shall cease ;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass ;
A little we discover ; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can show :
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope :

Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazl'd sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate elouds shall be dispell'd:
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

ENGRAVEN ON A COLUMN

IN THE
CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX.

T H E

SPIRE OF WHICH, BURNT DOWN BY LIGHTNING,
WAS REBUILT AT THE EXPENCE OF

M R. S A M U E L F I S K E,

M D C C X V I I . *

VIEW not this spire by measure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabric rises high as Heaven,
Whose BASIS on devotion stands.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare:
But Charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.

A a 2

Best

* The spire of this church was burnt by lightning in
April 1701, when, to prevent the flames from spreading,
the supporters of the steeple were sawn asunder, and the
whole

Best be he call'd among good men,
 Who to his God this column rais'd :
 Though lightning strike the dome * again :
 The man, who built it, shall be prais'd.

whole fell into the church-yard. To record the liberality of Mr. Fiske, the following inscription, probably written by Mr. Prior, is fixed on the south side of the chancel, on a large sheet of copper framed with wood.

J O H N M O R L E Y

To the memory of his
 good friend and neighbour
 dedicates this plate,

Obiit Apr. 21, 1718, æt. 64.

Samuel Fiske,

By descent a gentleman,
 By profession an apothecary.

In his practice
 honest, knowing, successful.

In his life
 pious, just, and charitable.

The riches he acquired he used
 as the means of doing good.

A friend to the public, a father to the poor,
 A great benefactor to this town of Halstead,

More particularly
 the spire of this church, burnt down by
 lightning, he rebuilt at his own expence.

Anno 1717.

* This hath since actually happened. It hath a second time been destroyed by lightning, and rebuilt about 1765.

Yet

Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
The weak effort of human pains ;
And Faith and Hope themselves shall die ;
While deathless charity remains.

WRITTEN IN
MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,
GIVEN TO THE
DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE,
AFTER THE PEACE, MDCCXIII.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities, and of courts, of books, and men ;
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live ;
And from the transcript of thy prose receive,
What my own short-lived verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile
Accept the work ; and the instructed isle,
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil,

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
 Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard;
 While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne
 err'd.

A N

E P I S T L E,

DESIRING THE

Q U E E N ' S P I C T U R E .

WRITTEN AT PARIS, MDCCXIV.

BUT LEFT UNFINISHED, BY THE SUDDEN NEWS
 OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
 The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate,
 Let other ministers, great Anne, require;
 And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
 To the fair portrait of my sovereign dame.
 To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
 If ever I found favour in thy sight:
 If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
 My past has took, or future life may take,

Be

Be grateful to my Queen : permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair saint, allow
The boon ? and will thy ear accept the vow ?
That in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture like thy fame
Entire may last ; that as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
Thus great, thus gracious look'd Britannia's queen ;
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene ;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps, and kings should haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past ;
To say, she wills detested wars to cease ;
She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease ;
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee, Queen of peace—If Time and Fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign ;
In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse,
Here, Stator Jove, and Phoebus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend * * * *

A L M A:

OR, THE

PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

I N

T H R E E C A N T O S.

Πάντα γίγνεται, καὶ πάντα κίηται, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν·

Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων εἰς τὰ γινόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

A M J A

11 12 13 14 15

PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

11

T H A T - I E N T

[illegible]

C A N T O I.

MATTHEW * met Richard †, when or where
 From story is not mighty clear,
 Of many knotty points they spoke ;
 And PRO and CON by turns they took.
 Rats half the manuscript have eat :
 Dire hunger! which we still regret.
 O ! may they ne'er again digest.
 The horrors of so sad a feast !
 Yet less our grief, if what remains,
 Dear Jacob §, by thy care and pains
 Shall be to future times convey'd,
 It thus begins :

***** Here Matthew said :
 Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
 By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
 Throughout the body squat or tall,
 Is, BONA FIDE, all in all.

* The author himself.

† Mr. Shelton.

§ Tonson.

And,

And yet, flap-dash, is all again
 In every finew, nerve, and vein :
 Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost :
 While every where she rules the roast.

This SYSTEM, Richard, we are told,
 The men of Oxford firmly hold,
 The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
 With IPSE DIXIT to comply.

They say (for in good truth they speak
 With small respect of that old Greek),
 That, putting all his words together,
 'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain,
 Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain ;
 And from that seat of thought dispenses
 Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
 Two OPTIC nerves, they say, she ties,
 Like spectacles, across the eyes ;
 By which the spirits bring her word,
 Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
 How quick at park and play they strike ;
 The duke they court ; the toast they like ;
 And at St. James's turn their grace
 From former friends now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
 Her power, they hold, had been precarious :
 The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin ;
 And she not known what they were doing.

Foolish

Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wife nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose :
Could Alma else with judgment tell,
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell ?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an oyster and an onion ?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow ;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole ;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.

By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste,
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne ;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for citron-waters.

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear ;
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' alarums which they beat.

Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling
(A thing she much delights to deal in),
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends ;

: And

And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain ;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted),
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the judge gives different journies
To country counsel and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring their writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home :
Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets mens faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrice,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less.
The mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain ;
You grant, at least, she is extended :
ERGO the whole dispute is ended.
For till to-morrow should you plead,
From form and structure of the head ;
The mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole machine.

Why

Why should all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain ;
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he ?
For music, grant the head receive it ;
It is the artists hand that gave it ;
And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies ;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes AB ORIGINE from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone ?
A foolish figure he must make ;
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.

Nor matters it, that you can show
How to the head the spirits go ;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.

If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes ;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of NUM-SCULL's self should take the place :
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.

Dip

Dip but your toes into cold water,
 Their correspondent teeth will chatter :
 And, strike the bottom of your feet,
 You set your head into a heat.
 The bully beat, and happy lover,
 Confess, that feeling lies all over.

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
 (As all our youth may learn from Creech)
 That eyes were made, but could not view ;
 Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue :
 But heedless Nature did produce
 The members first, and then the use.
 What each must act was yet unknown,
 Till all is moved by Chance alone.

A man first builds a country-seat ;
 Then finds the walls not good to eat.
 Another plants, and wondering sees
 Nor books nor medals on the trees.
 Yet Poet and Philosopher
 Was he, who durst such whims aver.
 Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
 That came at all, though late in season.

But no man sure ere left his house,
 And saddled Ball with thoughts so wild,
 To bring a midwife to his spouse,
 Before he knew she was with child.
 And no man ever reapt his corn,
 Or from the oven drew his bread,
 Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
 That taught them both to sow and knead.

Before

Before they 're ask'd, can maids refuse?
 Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your Muse.
 While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
 She hobbles in ALTERNATE verse.
 Verse! Mat reply'd; is that my care?
 Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.

This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
 But exercis'd the SALESMAN's trade;
 As if she haply had set down,
 And cut-out cloaths for all the town:
 Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
 To try, what persons they would fit;
 But every free and licenc'd taylor
 Would in this THESIS find a failure.
 Should whims like these his head perplex,
 How could he work for either sex;
 His cloaths, as atoms might prevail,
 Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
 No, no; he views with studious pleasure
 Your shape, before he takes your measure.
 For real Kate he made the boddice,
 And not for an IDEAL goddess.
 No error near his shop-board lurk'd:
 He knew the folks for whom he work'd;
 Still to their size he aim'd his skill:
 Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?

Next, Dick, if chance herself should vary,
 Observe, how matters would miscarry:

Across your eyes, friend place your shoes :
 Your spectacles upon your toes :
 Then you and Memmius shall agree,
 How nicely men would walk, or see.

But wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
 Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd,
 And still your knowledge will increase,
 As you make other people's less.
 In arms and science 'tis the same:
 Our rival's hurts create our fame;
 At Faubert's, if disputes arise
 Among the champions for the prize;
 To prove who gave the fairen butt,
 John shews the chalk on Robert's coat.
 So, for the honour of your book,
 It tells where other folks mistook;
 And, as their notions you confound,
 Those you invent get farther ground.

The commentators on old Ari-
 stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
 They to their own conceits have brought
 The image of his general thought;
 Just as the melancholic eye
 Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
 And to the poor apprentice ear
 The bells sound, "Whittington lord mayor."
 The conjuror thus explains his scheme;
 Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;

North

North Britons thus have second-sight;
And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.

Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest, that, if their comments find
The traces of their master's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t' other sect deny;
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
They wonder men should have mistook
The TENETS of their master's book;
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by Age, and seiz'd by Death.
Now which were wise? and which were fools?
Poor Alma sits between two stools:
The more she reads, the more perplex;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate;
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

These different SYSTEMS, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now, to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink's effusion;
Let me propose an healing SCHEME,
And sail along the middle stream:

For, Dick, if we could reconcile
 Old Aristotle with Gassendus;
 How many would admire our toil!

And yet how few would comprehend us!

Here, Richard, let my **SCHEME** commence:

Oh! may my words be lost in sense!

While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write

The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

My simple **SYSTEM** shall suppose,

That Alma enters at the toes;

That then she mounts by just degrees

Up to the ancles; legs, and knees;

Next, as the sap of life does rise,

She lends her vigour to the thighs;

And, all these under-regions past,

She nestles somewhere near the waist;

Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter;

As we shall shew at large hereafter.

Mature, if not improv'd by time,

Up to the heart she loves to climb;

From thence, compell'd by craft and age,

She makes the head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head—

Pithy and short, says Dick, proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion:

Observe the progress of the motion.

First, I demonstratively prove

That feet were only made to move:

And

And legs desire to come and go;
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Left Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.

Full piteous seems young Alma's case;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again; as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shews his LOCO-MOTIVE tricks;
These first assaults fat Kate repays him;
When half-asleep, she overlays him.

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses:
And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still;
 Their legs, you see, direct their will;
 From opening morn till setting sun,
 Around the fields and woods they run:
 They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play;
 Nor heed what Friend or Snake can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies,
 And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
 With SYMPATHETIC power she warms
 Their good allies and friends, the arms;
 While Betty dances on the green;
 And Susan is at stool-ball seen;
 While John for nine-pins does declare;
 And Roger loves to pitch the bar;
 Both legs and arms spontaneous move;
 Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes:
 O need I name the seat she takes?
 His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
 The sport and race no more he minds;
 Neglected Fray and Pointer lie;
 And covies unmolested fly,
 Sudden the jocund-plain he leaves;
 And for the nymph in secret grieves.
 In dying accents he complains
 Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
 The nymph too longs to be alone;
 Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.

The

The nymph is warm'd with young desire;
 And feels, and dies to quench his fire,
 They meet each evening in the grove:
 Their parley but augments their love;
 So to the priest their case they tell:
 He ties the knot; and all goes well.

But, O my Muse, just distance keep;
 Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
 In nine months time the boddice loose,
 And petticoats too short, disclose,
 That at this age the active mind
 About the waist lies most confin'd;
 And that young life and quickening sense
 Spring from his influence darted thence,
 So from the middle of the world
 The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
 'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
 Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
 Here stroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
 Then slapp'd his hand upon the board;
 And thus the youth put in his word,
 Love's advocates, sweet sir, would find him
 A higher place than you assign'd him.

Love's advocates! Dick, who are those?
 The Poets, you may well suppose.
 I'm forry, sir, you have discarded
 The men with whom till now you herded.

Prose.

PROSE-MEN alone for private ends,
 I thought, forfook their ancient friends.
 IN COR STELLAVIT, cries Lucretius;
 If he may be allow'd to teach us,
 The self-same thing soft Ovid says
 (A proper judge in such a case),
 Horace's phrase is, TORRET JECUR;
 And happy was that curious speaker,
 Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion,
 What signifies too long quotation?
 In ode and epic, plain the case is,
 That love holds one of these two places;

Dick, without passion or reflection,
 I'll strait demolish this objection.

First, Poets, all the world agrees,
 Write half to profit, half to please,
 Matter and figure they produce;
 For garnish this, and that for use;
 And, in the structure of their feasts,
 They seek to feed and please their guests:
 But one may balk this good intent,
 And take things otherwise than meant,
 Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
 Roast-beef, and venison, is your fare:
 Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
 And persevere in tart and custard:
 But TULIP-LEAVES and LEMON-PEEL,
 Help only to adorn the meal;

And

And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours;
But only smells the peel and flowers;
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one.
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftener none,
For who conceives, what bards devise,
That Heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes;
Or where 's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?

Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit:
And where too much the Poet ranted,
The sage Philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pothor,
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that Wind and Seas obey her;
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses.

Yet,

Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she and all her Fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæsar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove
Where lies the real Seat of Love.
JECUR they burn, and COR they pierce.
As either best supplies their verse;
And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t' other short.
Thus, I presume, the British Muse
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater:
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's HEART:
But, if he takes his bow and quiver;
'Tis sure, he must transfix the LIVER:
For rhyme with reason may dispense;
And sound has right to govern sense.

But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose;
ANATOMISTS can make it clear,
The LIVER minds his own affair;

Kindly

Kindly supplies our public uses;
 And parts and strains the vital juices;
 Still lays some useful bile aside,
 To tinge the chyle's insipid tide:
 Else we should want both gibe and satire;
 And all be burst with pure good-nature;
 Now gall is bitter with a witness;
 And love is all delight and sweetness.
 My LOGIC then has lost its aim,
 If sweet and bitter be the same:
 And, he, methinks, is no great scholar,
 Who can mistake desire for choler.

The like may of the HEART be said;
 Courage and terror there are bred.
 All those, whose HEARTS are loose and low
 Start, if they hear but the TATTOO;
 And mighty physicial their fear is;
 For, soon as noise of combat near is,
 Their heart, descending to their breeches,
 Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
 But Heroes, who o'ercome or die,
 Have their hearts hung extremely high;
 The strings of which, in battles heat,
 Against their very CORSETS beat;
 Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
 And yield them most excessive pleasure.

Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
 That courage does itself exert;

"Twill

'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
 That this is eke the throne of love.
 Would Nature make one place the seat
 Of fond desire, and fell debate;
 Must people only take delight in
 Those hours, when they are tir'd with fighting?
 And has no man, but who has kill'd
 A father, right to get a child?
 These notions then I think but idle;
 And love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,
 Suppose your Hero were a Lover.
 Though he before had gall and rage,
 Which Death and Conquest must assuage!
 He grows dispirited and low;
 He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

In scornful sloth Achilles slept;
 And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept;
 Nor would return to war and slaughter;
 Till they brought back the Parson's daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
 Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
 His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
 To keep the fair, he gave the world.
 Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
 Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd;
 While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
 Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;

Chang'd

Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears. —

France's fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair d'Estree:
When, quitting Contras' prosperous field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame;
And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic who dares prove
These Heroes were no friends to Love;
And bolder he, who dares aver,
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their HEART, or fir'd their LIVER;
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which Love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four:
For, when one's proof are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.

One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.

For some in ancient books delight;

Others prefer what moderns write:

Now I should be extremely loth,

Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

BUT shall we take the Muse abroad,
 To drop her idly on the road?
 And leave our subject in the middle;
 As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
 Yet he, consummate master, knew
 When to recede, and where pursue;
 His noble negligences teach
 What others toils despair to reach.
 He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope*,
 And balances your fear and hope:
 If, after some distinguish'd leap,
 He drops his pole, and seems to slip;
 Strait gathering all his active strength,
 He rises higher half his length.

* Ut quasdam artes, ita eloquentiam nihil magis quam
 ancipitia commendant. Vides qui sune in summa nituntur,
 quantos soleant excitare clamores, cum jam jamque casuri
 videntur.

PLINY LETTERS, l. 9, ep. 26.

With

With wonder you approve his flight * ;
 And owe your pleasure to your fright.
 But like poor Andrew I advance,
 False MIMIC of my master's dance ;
 Around the cord a while I sprawl ;
 And thence, though low, in earnest fall.

My preface tells you, I digress'd :
 He 's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

I like, quoth Dick, your SIMILE :
 And, in return, take two from me.
 As masters in the CLARE OBSCURE
 With various light your eyes allure ;
 A flaming yellow here they spread :
 Draw off in blue, or charge in red ;
 Yet, from these colours oddly mix'd,
 Your fight upon the whole is fix'd :
 Or as, again, your courtly dames
 (Whose cloaths returning birth-day claims)
 By arts improve, the stuffs they vary ;
 And things are best as most contrary ;
 The gown, with stiff embroidery shining,
 Looks charming with a slighter lining ;
 The out- if Indian figure stain,
 The in-side must be rich and plain,

* Sunt enim maxime MIRABILIA, quæ maxime inexpectata, et maxime—PERICULOSA. P L I N Y.

See Hurd's Horace.

So you great authors have thought fit
 To make digression temper wit :
 When arguments too fiercely glare,
 You calm them with a milder air :
 To break their points, you turn their force ;
 And FURBELOW the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine
 Speak something sly, and something fine :
 But I shall e'en resume my THEME ;
 However thou may'st praise or blame.

As people marry now, and settle ;
 Fierce Love abates his usual mettle :
 Worldly desires, and household cares,
 Disturb the Godhead's soft affairs :
 So now, as health or temper changes,
 In larger compass Alma ranges,
 This day below, the next above ;
 As light or solid whimsies move.
 So merchant has his house in town,
 And country-seat near Banstead-down ;
 From one he dates his foreign letters,
 Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors :
 In t' other, at his hours of leisure,
 He smoaks his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
 Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
 For story and experience tell us,
 That man grows old, and woman jealous.

Both

Both would their little ends secure;
 He fights for freedom, she for power:
 His wishes tend abroad to roam;
 And her's, to domineer at home.
 Thus passion flags by slow degrees;
 And, ruffled more, delighted less,
 The busy mind does seldom go
 To those once charming seats below;
 But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
 For well-bred feints and future wars.
 The man suspects his lady's crying
 (When he last autumn lay a-dying)
 Was but to gain him to appoint her
 By codicil a larger jointure.
 The woman finds it all a trick,
 That he could swoon when she was sick;
 And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
 On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus, having strove some tedious years
 With feign'd desires, and real fears;
 And, tir'd with answers and replies
 Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
 Leaving this endless altercation,
 The mind affects a higher station.

Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
 I think, was in this very case.
 All Asia now was by the ears;
 And Gods beat up for volunteers

To Greece and Troy; while Poltis sat
 In quiet governing his state.
 And whence, said the pacific king,
 Does all this noise and discord spring?
 Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
 With ease I could compose this strife:
 The injur'd hero should not lose,
 Nor the young lover want a spouse.
 But Helen chang'd her first condition,
 Without her husband's just permission
 What from the dame can Paris hope?
 She may as well from him elope.
 Again, how can her old good-man
 With honour take her back again?
 From hence I logically gather,
 The woman cannot live with either.
 Now, I have two right honest wives,
 For whose possession no man strives:
 One to Atrides I will send;
 And t' other to my Trojan friend.
 Each prince shall thus with honour have
 What both so warily seem to crave:
 The wrath of Gods and man shall cease;
 And Poltis live and die in peace.
 Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
 Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
 Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
 (Take this by way of COROLLARY)

Some

Some limbs she finds the very same,
In place, and dignity, and name :
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs ;
So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right ;
For, whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe ;
T' other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay still.
And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward and afraid.
No, Sir ; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede ;
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.

'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In concert act, like modern friends;
Because one serves the other's ends.

The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more slow
Than t' other executes the blow.

A stander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The amorous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below:
For, long before the squire and dame
Have tête à tête reliev'd their flame,
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
Though at sash-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay (authors say) at prayers.—

The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd,
His feet were equally concern'd.

But

But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shews the breast, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to trust to:
And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confest,
That there his eyes took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general system

May rise perhaps; and I have mist them:
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove, that all things on occasion
Love union, and desire adhesion;
That Alma merely is a scale;
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down nor up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope;
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and Heaven.

This, Richard, is a curious case;
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale:
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice;

Which best or worst you could not think;
 And die you must for want of drink;
 Unless some chance inclines your fight,
 Setting one pot in fairer light;
 Then you prefer or A, or B,
 As lines and angles best agree:
 Your sense resolv'd impels your will:
 She guides your hand—so drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
 Between two equal panniers sway'd?
 Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
 If plac'd exactly in the middle:
 But, forc'd from this unactive state
 By virtue of some casual weight,
 On either side you hear them clatter,
 And judge of right and left hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
 Without your choice, must take its course;
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
 Like loaded needles to the north,
 And thou and I, by power unseen,
 Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
 To Henault's vault, or Celia's chamber;
 As straw and paper are by amber.
 If we sit down to play or set
 (Suppose at OMBRE or BASSET)
 Let people call us cheats or fools,
 Our cards and we are equal tools,

We

We ture in vain the cards condemn :
 Ourselves both cut and shuffled them.
 In vain on Fortune's aid rely :
 She only is a stander-by.
 Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they
 Do some impulsive force obey :
 And are but play'd with—do not play.
 But space and matter we should blame ;
 They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

Thus, to save further contradiction,
 Against what you may think but fiction ;
 I for attraction, Dick, declare :
 Deny it those bold men that dare.
 As well your motion, as your thought,
 Is all by hidden impulse wrought :
 Ev'n saying that you think or walk,
 How like a country squire you talk !

Mark then ;—Where fancy, or desire,
 Collects the beams of vital fire ;
 Into that limb fair Alma slides,
 And there *PRO TEMPORE*, resides.
 She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
 When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly song.
 When Pedro does the lute command,
 She guides the cunning artist's hand.
 Through Macer's gullet she runs down,
 When the vile glutton dines alone.

And, void of modesty and thought,
 She follows Bibb's endless draught.
 Through the soft sex again she ranges;
 As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes,
 Fair Alma, careless and serene,
 In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen;
 While they diffuse their infant beams,
 Themselves not conscious of their flames,
 Again fair Alma sits confest
 On Florimel's experter breast;
 When she the rising sigh constrains,
 And by concealing speaks her pains,
 In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
 When the vain thing her jewels shows;
 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
 Fair Alma plays about her waist;
 And when the swelling hoop sustains
 The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
 Into that lower space to enter,
 Of the large round herself the centre.

Again: that single limb or feature
 (Such is the cogent force of nature)
 Which most did Alma's passion move
 In the first object of her love,
 For ever will be found confest,
 And printed on the amorous breast.

O Abelard, * ill-fated youth,
 Thy tale will justify this truth:
 But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
 Adorn a nobler poet's song.
 Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
 With kind concern and skill has weav'd
 A filken web; and ne'er shall fade
 Its colours; gently has he laid
 The mantle o'er thy sad distress:
 And Venus shall the texture bless.
 He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
 Such artful folds of sacred lawn;
 That love, with equal grief and pride,
 Shall see the crime he strives to hide;
 And, softly drawing back the veil,
 The god shall to his votaries tell

* A writer of eminence, Shenstone, vol. ii. 177, has observed that Pope never mentions Prior, though so handsomely spoken of in this passage. He added, "One might imagine that the latter (Pope), indebted as he was to the former (Prior) for such numberless beauties, should have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words, to some modification of selfishness." It is certain Pope has been very sparing in his mention of Prior; but he is not, as Shenstone asserts, wholly unnoticed, as his name twice occurs in the *Dunciad*, B. II. l. 124, 138, though but slightly. Party-cunning could hardly have occasioned it, as the chief of Prior's party were Pope's intimate friends.

Each

Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise!

Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again:
By his fire-side he starts the hare;
And turns her in his wicker chair:
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.

If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public mask, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn, to Goldsmith's-hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges;
Trips it with prentices and judges;
In vain her children urge her stay;
And age or palsy bar the way.
But, if those images prevail
Which wisdom did affect the tail,
She still renews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty years between:

Ask-

Aukwardly gay, and oddly merry,
 Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
 O'er-heated with ideal rage,
 She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young,
 Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue;
 Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still
 On any point if you dispute;
 Depend upon it, he'll confute:
 Change sides; and you increase your pain;
 For he'll confute you back again.
 For one may speak with Tully's tongue;
 Yet all the while be in the wrong.
 And 'tis remarkable that they
 Talk most, who have the least to say.
 Your dainty speakers have the curse,
 To plead bad causes down to worse;
 As dames, who native beauty want,
 Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again: if in the female sex
 Alma should on this member fix
 (A cruel and a desperate case,
 From which Heaven shield my lovely lass!)
 For evermore all care is vain,
 That would bring Alma down again.
 As, in habitual gout or stone,
 The only thing that can be done,

P. O. E. I. M. S. I. O. N. T.

Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So, if for any sins of ours
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife,
Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick:
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental powers;
Describ'd our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation;
And, lest I should be weary'd, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Through Syria, Persia, Greece she goes;
And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on general nature:
This is a system, not a satire.
Turn we this globe; and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think,
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rose and past;

In

In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.

One people from their swaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands:
Here Alma to these limbs was brought;
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk;
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma settled in the tongue;
And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.

In Briton's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation

They quit but on some great occasion
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.

In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears;
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantastic climes, the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.

Your

Your nicer Hottentots think meet
 With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
 With down-cast looks on Totta's legs,
 The ogling youth most humbly begs,
 She would not from his hopes remove
 At once his breakfast and his love:
 And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
 He in a double sense must die.

We simple toasters take delight
 To see our womens teeth look white.
 And every saucy ill-bred fellow
 Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
 In China none hold women sweet,
 Except their snags are black as jett.
 King Chihu put ten queens to death,
 Convict on statute, IVORY TEETH.

At Tonquin, if a prince should die
 (As Jesuits write, who never lye),
 The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
 Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,
 Prepare and light his funeral fire,
 And chearful on the pile expire.
 In Europe, 't would be hard to find,
 In each degree, one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest east,
 And there observe the gentry drest.
 Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
 Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters;

The

The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd flashes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a samplar.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show:
And at a small expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.

Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
Before you see, you smell your toast;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes:
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our childrens reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of ginger-bread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and knaws, from left to right.
But, shew a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,

The

The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our FINIS.

Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmless maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore;
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted:
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.

Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, she slips away;
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men:

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl;
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace——

To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.

What parts gay France from sober Spain?

A little rising rocky chain.

Of men born south or north o' th' hill,

Those seldom move; these ne'er stand still.

Dick, you love maps, and may perceive

Rome not far distant from Geneva.

If the good Pope remains at home,

He's the first prince in Christendom.

Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay;

Nor westward curious take thy way:

Thy way unhappy should'st thou take

From Tyber's bank to Lemman lake;

Thou art an aged priest no more,

But a young flaring painted whore;

Thy sex is lost: thy town is gone,

No longer Rome, but Babylon.

That some few leagues should make this change,

To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this?

Since, in the very Cantons Swiss,

All your philosophers agree,

And prove it plain, that one may be

A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t' other side a river.

Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick——

The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued : Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky :
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land :
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below ;
Into those common-places look,
Which from great authors I have took :
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay-by for time of need ;
And thou may'st at thy leisure read,
For, standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age,
My SYSTEM, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spight and death.

C A N T O III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
Rous'd ; nor would longer silence keep :
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought ;
Pope, tell the word, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak ;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first, because they 're pleasing ;
Then prove what they have once asserted ;
Nor care to have their lie deserted ;
'Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em ;
And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em ;
Or as, again, those amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids ;
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire ;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove :
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door ;

But, by the flattering glafs of nature
Viewing themselves in CAKE-BREAD's feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport :

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares.

Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure ;
Till airy seeds of casual wit

Do some fantastic birth beget :

And, pleas'd to find your system mended

Beyond what you at first intended,

The happy whimsey you pursue,

Till you at length believe it true.

Caught by your own delusive art,

You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew : friend, as far as I

Through art or nature cast my eye,

This axiom clearly I discern,

That one must teach, and t' other learn.

No fool Pythagoras was thought ;

Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,

He made his listening scholars stand,

Their mouth still cover'd with their hand :

Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,

Less friend to doctrine than to truth,

Might have refus'd to let his ears

Attend the music of the spheres ;

Deny'd

Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
 And introduc'd the use of beans.
 From great Lucretius take his void;
 And all the world is quite destroy'd.
 Deny Des-cart his subtil matter;
 You leave him neither fire nor water.
 How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
 If you, in answer to his book,
 Say in the front of your discourse,
 That things have no elastic force!
 How could our CHEMIC friends go on,
 To find the PHILOSOPHIC stone;
 If you more powerful reasons bring,
 To prove, that there is no such thing?

Your chiefs in sciences and arts
 Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
 They find, she giddy is, or dull;
 She doubts, if things are void, or full:
 And who should be presum'd to tell
 What she herself should see, or feel?
 She doubts if two and two make four,
 Though she has told them ten times o'er.
 It can't—it may be—and it must:
 To which of these must Alma trust?
 Nay further yet they make her go
 In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
 Can SYLLOGISM set things right?
 No: MAJORS soon with MINORS fight;

Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
 The CONSEQUENCE limps false behind.
 So to some cunning-man she goes,
 And asks of him, how much she knows,
 With patience grave he hears her speak;
 And from his short notes gives her back
 What from her tale he comprehended:
 Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From the account the loser brings,
 The Conjuror knows, who stole the things.
 'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
 Were you amongst these cunning-men?

Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
 Of eloquence spoil my discourse.
 I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
 Still asking, what some wise-man says,
 Who does his mind in words reveal,
 Which all must grant; though few can spell,
 You tell your doctor, that y' are ill;
 And what does he, but write a bill,
 Of which you need not read one letter:
 The worse the scrawl, the dose the better,
 For if you knew but what you take;
 Though you recover, he must break.

IDEAS, FORMS, and INTELECTS,
 Have furnish'd out three different sects,
 SUBSTANCE, or ACCIDENT, divides
 All Europe into adverse sides,

Now,

Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause;
In PHILOSOPHIC matters so
Your judgment must with others' go:
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haste, and quick surprize,
From every leaf that stirs, she flies;
Till mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She flights what erst she singly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue, if they dare lead;
As their example still prevails,
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool;
As party men, who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but WHIMSICAL * at best.
Now, by your favour, master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be list'd in your sect;
Who, though they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd:
So put off all mistrust and pride.

* Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were distinguished by that appellation.

And,

And, while my principles I beg,
 Pray answer only with your leg.
 Believe what friendly I advise :
 Be first secure ; and then be wise.
 The man within the coach that sits,
 And to another's skill submits,
 Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
 And warmer too, than he that drives.

So Dick ADEPT, tuck back thy hair ;
 And I will pour into thy ear
 Remarks which none did e'er disclose
 In smooth-fac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
 Attend, dear Dick : but don't reply :
 And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When Alma now, in different ages,
 Has finished her ascending stages ;
 Into the head at length she gets,
 And there in public grandeur sits,
 To judge of things, and censure wits. }

Here, Richard, how could I explain
 The various labyrinths of the brain !
 Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
 Of CEREBRUM, and CEREBELLUM !
 How could I play the commentator
 On DURA and on PIA MATER !
 Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
 Strive each the other's place to get ;
 And with incessant toil and strife,
 Would keep possession during life :

I could

I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination:
O friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells:
In each some active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home;
Each does her studious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry:
Each still renews her little labour;
Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour:
Each—whilst this THESIS I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty THEME affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected!

My head! quoth Dick, to serve your whim!
Spare that, and take some other limb.

Sir, in your nice affairs of SYSTEM,
Wise men propose; but fools assist 'em.

Says Matthew: Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.

Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.

When

When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive:
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy?
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain;
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly:
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which make us either stout or wise;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed, as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabrick roll;
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The strength, design'd to ruin Troy;
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition-bread:
But, by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,

Effe-

Effeminate he fat, and quiet :
 Strange product of a cheese-cake diet !
 Now give my argument fair play,
 And take the thing the other way :
 The youngster, who at nine and three
 Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
 From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
 Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke ;
 He pays due visits after noon
 To cousin Alice and uncle John ;
 At ten from coffee-house or play
 Returning, finishes the day.
 But, give him port and potent sack,
 From MILKSOP he starts up MOHACK ;
 Holds that the happy know no hours ;
 So through the street at midnight scowers,
 Breaks watchmen's heads, and chairmen's glasses,
 And thence proceeds to nicking salhes ;
 Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
 And first knock'd down, and then led home,
 He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
 And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various operations
 Of food and drink in several nations.
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
 Upon the strength of water-gruel ?
 But who shall stand his rage and force,
 If first he rides, then eats his horse ?

Sallads,

Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
 And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
 Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
 Tokay and coffee cause this work,
 Between the German and the Turk;
 And both, as they provisions want,
 Chicane avoid, retire and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
 Give the same death in different words.
 To push this argument no further;
 To starve a man, in law is murder.

As in a watch's fine machine,
 Though many artful springs are seen;
 The added movements, which declare
 How full the moon, how old the year,
 Derive their secondary power
 From that which simply points the hour.
 For, though those gim-cracks were away,
 (Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
 However more reduc'd and plain,
 The watch would still a watch remain:
 But, if the HORAL orbit ceases,
 The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;
 Is now no longer what it was;
 And you may e'en go sell the case.
 So, if unprejudic'd you scan
 The goings of this clock-work, man,

You find a hundred movements made
 By fine devices in his head ;
 But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
 That tells his being, what 's o' clock.
 If you take off this RHETORIC trigger,
 He talks no more in mode and figure :
 Or, clog his MATHEMATIC-wheel,
 His buildings fall, his ship stands still ;
 Or, lastly, break his POLITIC-weight.
 His voice no longer rules the state.
 Yet, if these finer whims were gone,
 Your clock, though plain, would still go on,
 But spoil the engine of digestion ;
 And you entirely change the question.
 Alma's affairs no power can mend ;
 The jest, alas ! is at an end :
 Soon ceases all this worldly baffle ;
 And you consign the corpse to Ruffel *.

Now make your Alma come or go
 From leg to hand, from top to tee,
 Your SYSTEM, without my addition,
 Is in a very sad condition,
 So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
 Fit for the war, or road, or course ;
 His mouth was soft ; his eye was good ;
 His foot was sure as ever trod :

* A celebrated undertaker of funerals. He is mentioned by Dr. Garth in the Dispensary, canto III.

One fault he had (a fault indeed !)
And what was that ? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere MACHINE :
That, telling others what 's o' clock,
She knows not what herself has struck ;
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir : what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like songs in love :
They much describe ; they nothing prove.

Mat, who was here a little gravel'd
Toft up his nose, and would have cavil'd ;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said :
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Mathew call'd, and Hermes came,
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find Gods to help them out.)

Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave :
The more I grant, the more you crave.

But,

But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We **SYSTEM**-makers can sustain
The **THESIS**, which you grant was plain ;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke ;
And, when no reason we can shew,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny ;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.

That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was :
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.
And he who, reading on the heart
(When all his **QUOLLIBETS** of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore, he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove blefs him !) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate :

Says

Says he, so little can our mind
 Of matter or of spirit find,
 That we by guess at least may gather
 Something, which may be both, or neither.
 Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
 (But this is only ENTRE NOUS)
 That many knotty points there are,
 Which all discuss, but few can clear.
 As Nature slyly had thought fit,
 For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit;
 Circles to square, and cubes to double,
 Would give a man excessive trouble;
 The longitude uncertain roams,
 In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
 What SYSTEM, Dick, has right averr'd
 The cause why women has no beard?
 Or why, as years our frame attack,
 Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
 In points like these, we must agree,
 Our barbers know as much as we.
 Yet still, unable to explain,
 We must persist the best we can;
 With care our SYSTEMS still renew;
 And prove things likely, though not true.
 I could, thou see'st, in quaint dispute,
 By dint of LOGIC, strike thee mute;
 With learned skill, now push, now parry,
 From Darij to Bocardo vary,

And

And never yield; or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours'd.
Yet, that you *HIC ET NUNC* may know,
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To shew thee, I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own —
(So most philosophers have done):
It makes my *SYSTEM* more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?

Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.
I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore;
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where)
Labour'd and push'd amidst the croud,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord save us! why do people press!
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd, Plump Gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very croud you blame.

Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't.

Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.

Now, Alma fettle in the head;
As has before been sung, or said;
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife:
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year;
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the sur'coat you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home,
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a SONATA on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut?

When

When Rarus shews you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict enquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak:
He now begins upon the Greek.

These, rang'd and shew'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,

For being true antique, I bought:
Yet wisely melted down my plate,

On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite.

Mr. Shelton's son

And simple odes too many show ye
 My servile complaisance to Chloe.
 Parents and lovers are decreed
 By Nature fools—That 's brave indeed!
 Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving,
 Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
 Now, Alma, to divines and prose
 I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
 Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
 But of thy follies, idle creature!
 The turns of thy uncertain wing,
 And not the malice of thy sting:
 Thy pride of being great and wise
 I do but mention, to despise;
 I view with anger and disdain
 How little gives thee joy or pain;
 A print, a BRONZE, a flower, a root,
 A shell, a butterfly, can do 't;
 Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
 Help thee to pass the tedious time,
 Which else would on thy hand remain;
 Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
 And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
 To ease the pain of coward thought:
 Happy result of human wit!
 That Alma may herself forget.
 Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
 Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.

With

With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use:
And t'other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme surprize,
We find ourselves at sixty wise;
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my SYSTEM says, the mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd:
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks;
My Poem will be too prolix.
For could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne;
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?

As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:

Weary'd of being high or great,
 And nodding in her chair of state;
 Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
 Of Will did this, and Nan said that;
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
 Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
 Through which she wings her destin'd way;
 Upward she soars; and down drops clay:
 While some surviving friend supplies
 HIC JACET, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, till that day appears,
 Which must decide our hopes and fears;
 Would fortune calm her present rage,
 And give us play-things for our age;
 Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
 And twist our thread with gold and silk;
 Would she, in friendship, peace, and plenty,
 Spin out our years to four times twenty;
 And should we both in this condition
 Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition;
 (Else those two passions, by the way,
 May chance to shew us scurvy play);
 Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
 Far from the tumult of this town;
 I fond of my well-chosen seat,
 My pictures, medals, books compleat.
 Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
 O'er shaded in that favourite walk,

Which

Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy son, and his, ere that may die
And Time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs, shall he remember
That is in haste to fell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?

Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set the price upon the bigger?
Those who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richest bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—

Tir'd with these thoughts—Less tir'd than I,
 Quoth Dick, with your philosophy—
 That people live and die, I knew
 An hour ago, as well as you.
 And, if Fate spins us longer years,
 Or is in haste to take the shears,
 I know we must both fortunes try,
 And bear our evils wet or dry.
 Yet, let the Goddess smile or frown,
 Bread we shall eat, or white or brown;
 And in a cottage, or a court,
 Drink fine CHAMPAIGNE or muddled PORT.
 What need of books these truths to tell,
 Which folks perceive who cannot spell?
 And must we spectacles apply,
 To view what hurts our naked eye?

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
 To make me merrier than I am;
 I'll be all night at your devotion—
 Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion:
 But, if you would depress my thought,
 Your SYSTEM is not worth a groat—

For Plato's fancies what care I?
 I hope you would not have me die,
 Like simple Cato, in the play,
 For any thing that he can say?
 Ev'n let him of ideas speak
 To heathens in his native Greek.

If

If to be sad is to be wise;
 I do most heartily despise
 Whatever Socrates has said,
 Or Tully writ, or Wanley * read.

Dear Drift †, to set our matters right,
 Remove these papers from my sight;
 Burn Mat' Def-cart', and Aristotle:
 Here! Jonathan, your master's bottle.

* Humphrey Wanley, librarian to the Earl of Oxford.

† Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.

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